

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 2921.—VOL. CVI.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1895.

TWO SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6½d.



THE SPEAKER'S FAREWELL TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, APRIL 8.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The good-natured man—or the tolerably good-natured man—who does not like to say “No,” but still has a kick in him when unduly pressed, has a hard time of it nowadays. He is asked for things, and with such persistence, in so many different ways. The literary person is now no more free from this importunity than anyone else: he is better off than he used to be, and notoriously averse to taking trouble—he would rather pay five shillings than make inquiries. Moreover, he is not impervious to flattery: admiration of his literary talents is always agreeable to him, but still more allusions to the generosity of his disposition. There is no beginning for a begging letter more likely to catch him than “Honoured Sir,—Relying on your well-known liberality,” etc. It tickles him with the sense of being a moneyed man, for whom property has its duties as well as its privileges, just as Charles Matthews used to rejoice (on the stage) at being “in the proud position of a creditor.” Even supposing he has no money, he is supposed to be able to perform acts of charity, as it were, in kind: to send a copy of his works to some budding institute, or write out a little something to be recited at the anniversary of an orphan asylum. The most common application is, however, for a written opinion upon a manuscript novel in three volumes. Its author lives, he says, among persons who take no interest in letters, and he has no other authority to apply to. As Falstaff's voice was spoilt by singing of anthems, so I protest my handwriting has become—well, what it is—through complying with these unreasonable requests. When one has done so the applicant generally writes back to say that your criticism is not what he had expected, and regrets that there is so much jealousy in the profession of letters. A truly philanthropical institution, the Society of Authors, has of late been supposed to mitigate this persecution by offering to supply criticisms, written by a competent person, for one guinea—not an extravagant sum for such a work of time and trouble. Accordingly, the last time I was asked to undertake this job, “in the absence of any other possible adviser,” I returned the manuscript (eightpence it cost me by the parcel post) with a polite letter, stating that there was such an adviser, and giving his terms and his address. By the next post I received this letter: “Honoured Sir,—I take advantage at once of your kind recommendation, and my manuscript is now in the hands of the Society. I hope you will not think it a liberty if I ask you to supply them with the sum required, as I have not a guinea (nor anything like it) of my own.”

A lady churchgoer has been convicted of too much zeal. No one could accuse her of not joining in the general harmony, but the volume of sound she contributed to it was, so to speak, an extra volume. When people are behind-hand in what they have to do, they often make it up by staying later, but this lady was never behindhand in psalmody; indeed, she began before everybody else, and yet continued singing after the others had finished. If she could have been “left singing” they would have left her, but her vocal efforts interrupted the other proceedings; and it is no wonder that after two years the patience of the congregation became exhausted. Her defence was that she came to church to pray, and not to please mankind, but she was fined forty shillings. At the same rate she might have been “drunk and disorderly,” but people have such different ways of enjoying themselves. It was a curious exemplification of someone's definition of music as being “an expensive noise.” No doubt the particular choir which she has “put out” so continuously will have little pity on her; but from what I have observed in those who flatter themselves they have “an organ,” there is a great temptation to exhibit its powers. They will make all sorts of excuses when they are asked to sing, but they mean to do it, and if they are not asked they are offended. It is the same thing with folks who drink, and when one has no experience of a temptation one ought to be charitable to those who give way to it. In the case in question there were complications from the introduction of the religious element. When one not only possesses an organ of great power and compass, but believes that Providence takes pleasure in hearing it, one is in a very strong position. No one short of a bishop can carry it. A popular preacher once defended his *raison d'être* to his diocesan upon the ground that “the Lord had need of him.” “My dear Sir,” replied the other, “we have only one record of the Lord having need of anything, and that was an ass.”

In Sir George Chesney we have lost an author who in his particular line was without a rival. “The Battle of Dorking” is at the head of all books of its class. As a rule, the attempts to “make the thing that is not as the thing that is” in this department of fiction are failures. The imagination of the reader is too heavily taxed: he has to forget what he knows, and to reconcile certain ridiculous propositions with obvious facts, before he can give himself up to the spell of the enchanter. Sir George took the bull by the horns when he chose peaceful Dorking, so familiar to Londoners, as the scene of combat. Though, notwithstanding its reputation for poultry, no one may have expected to find the white feather there, still one did not

picture it as the locality on which England was to make its last stand for existence. When one considers how utterly the very best describers of sham fights and autumn manoeuvres fail in conveying to us the impression of reality, the effect of “The Battle of Dorking” on the reader is very remarkable.

Sometimes one really almost flatters oneself that one is a genius. This feat of the imagination is the less difficult because no one knows exactly what genius is. One of its attributes is, however, surely foresight. When we score three at whist where we ought to have scored four, and find ourselves next hand with two by honours, we say—perhaps wrongly, but it was certainly not science—“That was genius.” In my last “Notes” I wrote of microbes as likely to be of importance in the provision market, and, therefore, to assist in the prolongation of human life. It was a mere theory, I own; but, as it now appears, I was prophesying without intending it; which is prophecy of the highest class, what in profane matters is called “genius.” A doctor of Chicago has discovered the microbe of death. “It resembles the microbe of consumption”; but it is not (like the rest) *for* consumption. In another way, however, it can be made to contribute infinitely more to longevity. “It has been experimented on with animals, and if it is destroyed, no known disease can obtain any hold at all upon the system. Nothing short of actual violence can put an end to anyone's term of existence.” You have only got to catch it and kill it; only that and nothing more. Think of the indifference with which we should regard the approach of influenza or any other disorder (they are all microbes, you know) if we could say, “Messieurs, your labours will be in vain: our lives are insured; a relative of yours has been sacrificed for our sake.” The only thing needful to secure immortality (barring the bullet, the dagger, and the railway accident) is to catch the microbe of death, and kill him. As to the method of capture of this parasite, the Chicago doctor is, unfortunately, silent. He has found him, I don't know where (perhaps in “the tangles of Neera's hair,” which may explain his reticence), but he has not caught him. I wish he had; not that I have the least wish to be immortal, but because if the means of destroying this King of the Microbes were discovered we should hear no more of his brethren, of whom we are sick and tired.

The suicide of the unhappy lady of the name of Ebb-Smith, because it was taken for the title of a play—though, it is true, with “The Notorious” before it—is a most deplorable incident. It is no use to say that, in these days, to become “notorious” is the ambition of a good many women, because this was evidently not her case; nor, on the other hand, is Mr. Pinero to be blamed for what he not only had not designed, but probably had taken every pains within his power to prevent. He doubtless thought he had invented the name of his play, and perhaps plumed himself upon the unlikelihood of its being borne by anyone in real life—a position which, apparently impregnable, is rendered all the more dangerous when by unhappy chance it is so borne. The rarer the name, the more likely it seems to him who bears it that it has been taken designedly for the purpose of annoyance or ridicule. Dickens was so well aware of the difficulty of avoiding these coincidences that he gave up the attempt, and calmly took the names of his characters from the Post Office Directory. Thackeray invented at least one extraordinary name as a target for his satirical arrow, and, as we know, found that he had hit a belligerent Irishman with it, in the spleen. If a novelist is prolific he is certain, sooner or later, to come to grief in this way. Years after I had written “Lost Sir Massingberd,” a kind but stately dame of my acquaintance observed to me, “I liked your story, but I think it was not quite pretty to take the name of one who had really disappeared for your lost man.” It seemed that this had actually happened in the case of a Mr. Massingberd, a friend of hers, though, of course, I had never heard of it, and the name had seemed sufficiently uncommon to secure it from any such coincidence.

The case of Ellen Onger, driven to suicide from fear of her husband's violence when he should return from prison, is typical, I fear, of a large class. He had been sentenced for “knocking her about,” and had warned her that when he became a free man his first act would be to “do for her,” and she knew him to be a man of his word. He had lived on her earnings, but was one of those persons who prefer revenge even to self-interest. The woman was weak and ill, and had no protection to look to, so she anticipated his intentions by taking poison. It seems to me that her blood lies not at his door only. What is the use of that strong arm of the law of which we hear so much if it cannot save a defenceless woman from a brute of this kind? There are difficulties, of course, in keeping tyrant and victim asunder—as in the case of little children and their unnatural tormentors—but they are chiefly born of our maudlin and sentimental treatment of such offenders. In the case of any particular ruffian who promises to “do for” his wife when he comes out of jail, that would be prevented by keeping him there, or sending her out of harm's way. In the latter case, let it be well understood that if found within (say) a hundred miles of her, he should be hanged at once. Why should he

not be hanged before instead of after his intended crime? In any case, whether in or out of jail, he should be made to support her. This has been pronounced by some social economists to be a difficult matter, but they have also been economists of the lash. For ruffians of this sort the cat is the only convincing argument, and the gallows their only cure. We should take good care that he should never complain of being one of the unemployed. I am aware that such remedies as suggest themselves while the iron of indignation is still hot are likely to be crude and imperfect, but surely something can be done to relieve the public conscience from such intolerable disgrace. Think of the scores of helpless women and little children who count the hours when husbands and fathers shall be released from their prisons and be once more at liberty to make their lives a hell, while the law stands by with its strong arms folded and looks impotently on!

In connection with Mrs. Gaskell's story of the disappearance of the paralytic alluded to in a recent “Note,” a correspondent is so good as to send me the following communication: “The actual facts are these. In Collinson's ‘History of Somerset,’ Vol. III., pages 460-461, a well-known standard work, published in 1791 under the head of ‘Shepston Mallet,’ we read that ‘In the year 1763 [a misprint for 1768] one Owen Parfitt, an old man, by trade a taylor, but who had in his younger years served as a soldier in America, was living at Western Shipton, in this parish, in the turnpike road to Wells. By long illness and a melancholy turn of mind he was reduced to such extreme weakness as to be obliged to keep in bed, and was emaciated almost to a skeleton. He depended on his neighbours for support, and was taken care of by an aged sister. By his own desire he had several times been brought downstairs in an elbow-chair, and placed in the passage of the house for the benefit of the air. In this situation he was left one evening for a few minutes; but on his attendant's return (strange to tell) this helpless man was missing, and nowhere to be found, nor has he ever since been heard of. . . . It is generally supposed that, seized with some sudden fit of phrenzy, or impelled by some extraordinary effort of nature, he quitted his seat, and that, leaving the town, he rambled through bypaths till, falling into some pool, pit, or cavern, his appearance and existence upon earth were at once terminated together.’ There is no doubt of the general truth of the above account, as the matter is known to have been made the subject of judicial investigation at the time. An alternative suggestion, I believe, was offered that body-snatchers might have had something to do with the old man's disappearance. I think the story was related some years ago in the pages of *Once a Week*, under the title of ‘The Mystery of Owen Parfitt.’”

The law's delay has been a subject for satirists in all ages, but it is possible for it, it seems, to be even too expeditious. In the Paris Divorce Court the other day, the judge, who was famous for his quickness in decisions, somehow confused the names of the petitioner and his advocate, and decreed a divorce between the latter and his wife, instead of the former. “All sorts of formalities,” we are told, “will now have to be gone through before this little mistake can be remedied.” It is surprising, when one considers the ceaseless flow of legal proceedings, that, even at the usual modest rate of progression, there are not more mistakes than there are. In Twiss's “Life of Lord Eldon,” which covers a large amount of legal ground, there is only, I think, one example. Eldon was once junior to Dunning, when that ingenious advocate began to reason very powerfully against their own client. Waiting till he was quite convinced that he had mistaken for what party he had been retained, the junior touched his arm and whispered to him what he was doing. Dunning “gave him a very rude and rough reprimand for not having sooner set him right, and then proceeded to state that what he had addressed to the Court was all that could be stated against his client, and that he had put the case as unfavourably as possible in order that the Court might see how very satisfactorily the case against him could be answered.” This, as it turned out, atoned for the counsel's error, though hardly in a way that can be approved of by the moralist.

I am glad to see that the Minister of Education has promised to meet the views of the Society for the Promotion of Kindness to Animals, as regards all State-aided schools, so far as the department can do so. Children, he says, should have some knowledge of the habits of animals before they are entrusted with their care, and he approved of the course of keeping animals in the schools, as is frequently now the case. I don't know what sort of animals these are, but it would certainly make schools much more attractive if goats, squirrels, and white mice could be attached to the curriculum (or any other vehicle). What is of more consequence, it would teach young people humanity, for which kindness to dumb animals is the best and simplest training, just as cruelty to them is the surest way—as Hogarth taught us long ago—to produce roughs and ruffians. It is the boy who pours petroleum upon rats and then sets fire to them (by no means a rare amusement with juveniles of a certain class) who becomes the man who starves his wife and tortures his children.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE SPEAKER'S FAREWELL.

The House of Commons never appears to such supreme advantage as on an occasion when its dignity is suffused with emotion. On April 8 it had to receive from the Right Hon. Arthur Wellesley Peel his resignation of the great office of Speaker. The familiar voice which members of Parliament have heard during the last eleven years had an added pathos in it as Mr. Peel spoke of the changes which had come during his term of service, and in the thirty years of his membership. It was a brief speech—for Mr. Peel has always set the example of brevity. And it was eloquent—the eloquence of heartfelt words coming from a man who had done his duty. Into his retirement, so well earned, Mr. Peel will be followed by the best wishes of the House of Commons and his countrymen, who hope that, released from his stately toil, he may yet serve the Empire with the same earnestness and success.

## THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.

It is to be hoped that the peace negotiations at Shimonoseki will, before many days, have resulted in the definite termination of the war that has been raging since the end of last

Sepulchre is composed, in reality, of three sanctuaries, each subdivided into numerous chapels: the Church of Calvary, that of the Holy Sepulchre properly so called, and that of the Finding of the Cross. It unites into one the places where the supreme acts of the Passion were accomplished: the Crucifixion and the Burial, and also the spot where the real cross was found, in 327, by Helena, the mother of Constantine.

The principal temple, the Holy Sepulchre, is erected on the very spot where the body of the Saviour was laid, at the foot of Golgotha. The church which shelters this venerated spot is circular in form; a vast and beautiful cupola covers it. The sacred tomb is placed in the middle of this rotunda, which forms the principal nave. Above it there has been erected a kind of catafalque of white marble, very richly ornamented. To the east of the nave is situated the chancel of the church, which belongs to the Greeks, and round which there opens a series of chapels belonging to different communions.

The festival begins on Saturday, the eve of Palm Sunday, and the first ceremony is the entry of the patriarch into Jerusalem, in memory of the arrival of Jesus in the Holy City. On Sunday takes place the blessing of the palm-branches. The latter are here very splendid and green, and are brought to the church and placed at the entrance to the sepulchre. At the hour for Mass the Temple is overflowing with the faithful. The Patriarch arrives,

consequence, is dense, noisy, and agitated, impossible to keep in order although the whips of the *cavars* are exercised on it with great vigour. The Engraving which we publish, and which represents this episode of the holy days, gives an idea of the frightful tumult. Each one is trying to approach the first, trembling lest the day should close before he has been able to arrive at the precious relic.

On Friday the first part of the ceremonies takes place in the Church of Calvary. From the *stone of unction* the large figure of Christ is carried to the Sepulchre, where it is shut up. The procession ended, one hears, in seven different languages, a sermon on the Passion pronounced by priests or monks of various nationalities. During the whole of Friday night the people keep awake, and some of them pray before the closed Sepulchre. As for Saturday, it is, for the Greeks, the day of the great festival, the most solemn day in Easter week. There is, indeed, a belief common among them that on that day God himself comes to bring to earth the sacred fire which has power to cleanse every fault and purify every stain. This must be, for many among them, the only real motive which prompts them to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem to procure a little of this divine fire, then piously, and with infinite precautions, to take it home, where all the year it will burn before the Holy Image. On Easter Day Christ is raised from the dead; and the Patriarch, led in a procession to the tomb, finds it empty. And

Torpedoed Chinese Gun-boat, tops only showing. Chen-Yuen, three Chinese Gun-boats and Transport. Dockyard. Mainland on West of Island. Remains of Boom.



Fort taken by Japanese, from which they were driven out by Ting-Yuen, afterwards retaken by Japanese.

Small Island Fort, silenced by Japanese fire.

Island of Leu-kung-tau. Ting-Yuen, torpedoed and grounded.

Fort evacuated and exploded by Chinese.

THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA: THE HARBOUR OF WEI-HAI-WEI.—THE COAST LINE SHOWN IS ABOUT FIVE MILES IN LENGTH.

From a Sketch by Mr. J. A. Vaughan, H.M.S. "Undaunted."

July between China and Japan; and that the capture of Wei-hai-Wei, which took place on Feb. 7, after three days and nights of severe conflict between the combined naval and military forces of both nations, will have become a matter of history. The position of Wei-hai-Wei, on the southern coast of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, nearly opposite to Port Arthur, which is at the extremity of the Liao-tung peninsula of the northern mainland, rendered its conquest very important in view of an intended Japanese hostile advance by sea and land to Tientsin and Peking, which would probably have been attempted if the war had continued a few months longer. The manner in which Admiral Ito and General Oyama performed their operations at Wei-hai-Wei is likely to be studied again and again by professors and amateurs of the art of war; and every correct and authentic sketch, such as that which we present this week, may hereafter be found valuable in connection with the narratives and comments to appear upon this subject.

## EASTER WEEK IN JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem presents during the Easter festival an aspect altogether unique: it is a realisation during ten days of the Biblical Babel, when the languages are confounded, when the most diverse types mingle together, and people of the most opposite character and manners elbow one another—Europeans, Asiatics, and Africans.

Before speaking of the festivals themselves one must describe, at least summarily, the Holy Sepulchre, which is the scene of most of them. The Church of the Holy

surrounded by prelates present at Jerusalem, and followed by an interminable procession of priests. Each one carries in his hand a palm-branch worked and plaited with a greater degree of care, according as it belongs to a higher dignitary. The procession in this richly decorated temple is of a marvellous splendour. The bishops and priests and all personages of distinction have laid their palm-branches in the sepulchre itself. The Patriarch enters it, and there, before the tomb, hewn out of the living rock, where for three days the body of our Saviour reposed, he blesses the palm-branches, both those which have been placed inside the sacred chamber and those which strew its threshold. Seating himself afterwards on a throne at the entrance of the Sepulchre, he sees the entire crowd of spectators pass before him. Nothing of any note takes place on Monday. On Tuesday the church is closed. These ceremonies continue without display and with nothing particular to mark them on Wednesday, the first day on which are chanted those mournful matins, the "Tenebrae." The processions begin again on Thursday morning, and the first one makes the pilgrimage of the Way of the Cross. The procession ends at the Holy Sepulchre.

On the afternoon of Maundy Thursday is exhibited the column of scourging, preserved, as we have said, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is brought out of the kind of tabernacle which protects it on ordinary days; and, under the supervision of the Franciscans, the believers come to kiss it. Greeks, Russians, Armenians—all the Christians of every confession—hasten to profit by this opportunity which is offered to them. The throng, in

"Alleluias" resound, expressive of the joy of the whole earth. Thus terminates a ceremony which, after all, is not lacking in picturesque features.

## THE RETENTION OF CYPRUS.

The recent speech in the House of Commons by Sir William Harcourt has drawn fresh attention to the island of Cyprus. Lord Beaconsfield's hopes, when the acquisition of this island took place, have not been fulfilled, and Cyprus is somewhat of a "white elephant" to the British Empire. The papers which have been ordered, on the motion of the Marquis of Salisbury, will show, however, that the commerce of Cyprus is not so insignificant as has been suggested. The revenue for 1893-94 was £177,054, as against an expenditure of £117,654. The imports during the same period amounted to £316,872, and the exports to an almost identical sum. The Illustrations we give are of interest at this moment, when the island is under discussion. The area of Cyprus is 3580 square miles, and the population, exclusive of the military who are stationed there, was at the last census over 200,000. The great proportion of the inhabitants profess the faith of the Greek Church. The Government of Cyprus is on this wise: there is a British High Commissioner, Sir Walter Joseph Sendall, K.C.M.G., who has the assistance of an Executive Council, comprising the senior military officer, the Chief Secretary, the Queen's Advocate, and the Receiver-General. The Legislature has eighteen members, six of whom are officials, and the other twelve are elected every five years, three by Mohammedan votes, and nine by non-Mohammedan votes.



## A BOOK WORTH KEEPING.

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

I do not mean "a book worth reading" for there are thousands of them, and a very large proportion of such books are *only* worth reading, and then their best use is to light the kitchen fire with. Think of the prodigious mass of lumber that well-to-do people are stubbornly and stupidly piling up in their houses! What happens with the working men in the towns I know not. If I am rightly informed, only a small percentage of these either own or hire whole houses to dwell in. We in the country all live in single houses, and the lodger is a being with whom we have little concern. But the agricultural labourer's cottage is slowly filling up year by year even in these bad times. We are all getting more and more acquisitive. High and low are craving for pictures and photographs and gimeracks, for little mats on our tables and little green bottles on our chimneypieces and antimacassars thrown over our chairs, and little gilded volumes lying upon our tables, till we are all getting so filled up that we haven't room to move. Some of us—alas! too many of us—are certainly

are! When we have sucked an orange—if we ever stoop to such a vulgar act—do we keep the peel and pips and put them on a top shelf to look pretty? I trow not, my masters. Why keep all the books we buy? The only answer to that question is an answer which accounts for most of the irrational doings of the children of men, and that answer is simply this: Because it's pleasant to be foolish! *Dulce est desipere in loco!* You can't get behind that dictum of the poet-philosopher.

There are whole classes of literature which no sensible man ever dreams of looking at when he ceases to be a lecturer or tutor or examiner or examinee. One need not go into particulars. As sure as one did, so sure would one be to receive violent letters of scorn and derision from the writers of certain books. Nevertheless, I must express my profound regret that I possess a good dozen of volumes all treating more or less fully on the History of English Literature, each of which I have at various times bought and paid for, hardly one of which I ever open or am ever likely to open again, and no one of which I have ever succeeded in reading through, nor could I be induced to read the thing through, except for a very handsome fee.

jealousy and wrath and all uncharitableness. I envy this man his style, his subtlety, his lightness of touch, his thoroughness; I am consumed by jealousy that a Frenchman should put my countrymen to shame by doing so easily and so gracefully what they have only bungled at. I am wrathful because here is an abominably accomplished and scholarly Gaul, who for the first time has seen how to take hold of his subject by the right handle, while ponderous Britons have never known how to take hold of it at all; and I am full of all uncharitableness because I love the Union Jack better than the Tricolour any day.

You must please to observe that M. Jusserand calls his work, "A Literary History of the English People." So far, others have dealt with a collection of miscellaneous products whose genius concerned us all as little as possible: they were stodgy lumps of prose or verse issuing from the workshops of certain manufacturers and bearing the names of artificers more or less famous, or bearing no names at all. What an odious irritation it was to have to remember the stuff! Lo! all of a sudden, as it were, M. Jusserand comes with quite a new catechism. "How did the demand for these peculiar products spring up?"



"THE OLD, OLD STORY."—BY WILLIAM H. WEATHERHEAD.

From the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

suffering badly from the *microbes* of the acquisition mania, but we can't bear to part with what we have once bought and paid for. For myself I find it dreadfully difficult to part with an old pair of boots. Have I not *worn* the dear old friends for years? Why should I hand them over to somebody else to *wear out*? To me it is almost as difficult to part with a time-honoured garment as it is to cut down a tree, and more than once or twice I have felt less pain and remorse in shooting an old horse than in parting with a dozen odd volumes of the *Edinburgh Review* lying up in the attics under the roof. And yet I am quite sure that I should be much more comfortable before I was a month older if some furious and irresistible functionary would burst in upon me one fine morning, and insist on carting away at least a thousand volumes from the crowded room in which I am sitting, and, as a consideration for my vested interest in those volumes, hand me a cheque for five-and-twenty pounds. It is a melancholy reflection that thousands and tens of thousands of books, great and small, are bought and paid for every year, and forthwith serve no other purpose than to increase the mass of useless lumber that is for ever growing larger and larger in the civilised portions of the world. But it requires an amount of fortitude which few are endowed with to pay a sovereign for a book, and, having read it, to fling it into the fire. What queer creatures we men and women

Of all the dreary books to sit down to, I hold that a book about English literature is well-nigh the dreariest. It seems quite impossible for an Englishman to write a readable history of English literature. I used to have to teach the subject once, and to a very intelligent class too; but the text-books were incomparably dull, and this without any exception whatsoever. And yet, when I came upon M. Taine's brilliant volumes in later years, they fascinated me with their irresistible witchery of style. What right had a Frenchman to make a subject attractive which only an Englishman ought to be able to deal with effectively? If I had been wise I should have just sold all my dull manuals and bought this pearl of great price. Being, however, unwise, I kept all my old "Introductions to" and "Histories of," etc., and here they are, staring at me, looking as sombre outside as they are melancholy inside—all the shelf of lumbering volumes.

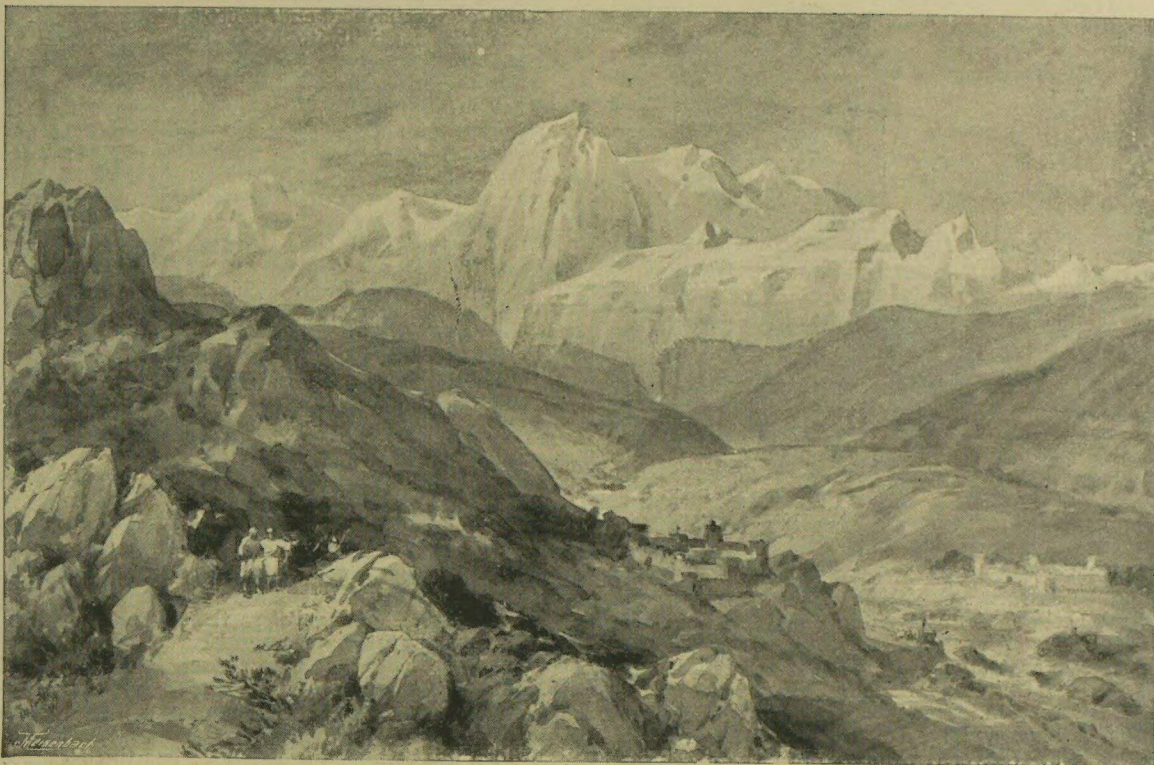
The other day there came to me another book which I did not buy. It came to me from the hands of one of the celestials. It does not profess to be a history of English literature—if that had been its title I am afraid I should never have cut the pages—it calls itself a "Literary History of the English People," which is a very different story from the other; and it is written by a Frenchman, and his name is Jusserand. I have read that book through from end to end, and it fills my mind with envy and

And the workmen, how did they learn the trick of providing the supply? Why is it that our ballad-singers and our dramatists and our lyrists, for instance, have presented us with a *Corpus Poetarum* unlike that of Spain or Timbuctoo?" Having set himself questions like these, he soon found what nobody had enunciated so distinctly before: that if you are ever to understand the genius of a people you must follow the lines of that people's slow development. The evolution of a race is to be traced in the slow growth of that mysterious organism, a National Literature. At last, then, we have—or we shall have when the work is complete—a real History of Literature, which deserves the name because it calls itself by a better name; and to those who in the near future have to face the terrors of a board of examiners, as to those who without any such prospect are simply desirous of getting into intelligent touch with that glorious treasure-house of wisdom and sweetness, and love and truth, and aspiration and joy which England's sages and prophets and poets have been making richer and nobler for more than a thousand years—let them surrender to the moles and bats the dull old "Manuals" and "Introductions" that have been a weariness of the flesh to so many unfortunates, and let them buy this book of M. Jusserand's. Having bought it and made it their own, they will not need to be advised to keep it.



## THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION.

The town of Chitral is situated about one hundred and thirty miles in a straight line due north of Peshawur; the country which is known by the same name extends from the town away to the north-east, and leads to the Baroghil Pass—12,000 ft. above the sea—on the other side of which are the sources of the Oxus, and the Pamirs. This pass is over the eastern end of the Hindu Kush, and may be said to be the point where the Himalayan range bends and runs westward through Afghanistan to the Heri Rud, on the frontier of Persia. The Hindu Kush forms the northern boundary of Chitral, Kafiristan is on the west, Panjkora is on the south, and Yasin on the south-east. From the south-west extremity of the territory to the Baroghil Pass is about one hundred and forty miles, and in its widest extent it is about fifty miles; but most of the space is composed of mountains at too high an altitude for people to dwell in; still, the population is supposed to be about two hundred thousand. The towns and villages are situated along the valley, close to the banks of the river, which has various names, according to the locality it passes through. In the upper part it is called the Yarkhun River; below Chitral it is known as the Kashkar or Chitral River; and before it joins the Kabul River near Jalalabad it is called the Kunar, from the name of a locality it flows through. What has been referred to as the town of Chitral is in reality six villages and a bridge across the river. The villages in this region are something like those in Afghanistan—they are surrounded by walls and towers, by which is indicated an unsettled



THE CHITRAL VALLEY.



SWAT RIVER FERRY AT ABAZAI.

Sketch by General Sir Michael A. Biddulph, K.C.B.

state of society, where protection is necessary from neighbouring marauders. Ever since the travels of Burnes in Afghanistan, we have been familiar with the tradition of tribes near the Hindu Kush who believe they are the descendants of Alexander the Great's soldiers; and the Mehtars, or ruling princes, of Chitral have a particular claim to this line of descent. The Chitral Valley is at times spoken of as Kashkar, which is its older name. The people are now Mohammedans, but they retain many old rites and customs which were peculiar to the locality. They are supposed to have been at an early period only a branch of the Kafirs, who are still their next door neighbours. Like the Afghans and other tribes of the region, they are divided into "zais" or "khails," words equivalent to our own term clans. Up to the present, owing to these wild tribes, there was no direct communication with Chitral from Peshawur. Dr. Robertson, Captain Younghusband, and others, as well as the troops now in Chitral, reached that place from Gilgit, by the pass at Laspur. It was by this route that Captain Ross, who was killed, and a detachment of Sikhs had gone to reinforce the Chitral garrison. They were attacked at a place called Karagh, near Reshun, between Mastuj and Chitral. There has been an agent of the Indian Government at Gilgit for some years back, and that place is, as may be seen from the newspapers, also used as a base in the present campaign. Gilgit is, of course, reached from India through the friendly territory of Kashmir. The plan of operations from the Peshawur Valley is across the frontier by the Malakand and Shakhkot

passes into the Swat Valley, and from that through Panjkora to Dir, from which a pass leads over to the Chitral Valley. Probably one of the brigades may diverge by the alternate routes of Barawul or Bajaur. The view we are enabled to give of the Chitral Valley will convey some idea of the wild mountainous character of the country in which the present campaign has to carry on its operations. The troops under Sir Robert Low have with hard fighting carried the Malakand and Shakhkot passes, and have occupied the fords of the Swat River. Particulars of this expedition and of its advance, with the action on Thursday, April 4, are given among our Home and Foreign News. Lieutenants Fowler and Edwards, who were taken prisoners when Captain Ross was killed, are in the hands of Umra Khan, at Barwa, near Miankalai, which is in Bajaur, and this can only be reached after the Panjkora River has been passed. It is reported that the small guard or garrison of the British Residency at Chitral is hitherto safe, and is able to defend itself in case of being attacked. The column under Colonel Kelly, which is operating from Gilgit, is stopped at Ghizr, owing to the snowstorms in the pass leading over to the Chitral Valley at Mastuj. It was expected to reach Laspur about April 4. General Sir Michael A. Biddulph, K.C.B., who supplies two sketches of the Swat River and the Malakand Pass, is, we are proud to say, an old correspondent, who has communicated many sketches to *The Illustrated London News*. In the late Afghan War, and even so far back as the Crimean War, we were indebted to his pencil.



PLAINS OF YUSUFZAI, SHOWING MALAKAND PASS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

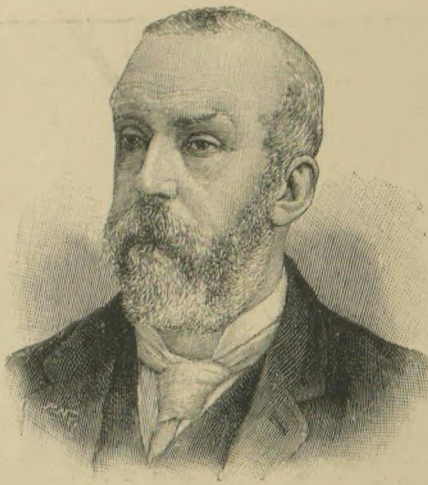
Sketch by General Sir Michael A. Biddulph, K.C.B.



## PERSONAL.

In succession to the late Mr. J. W. Hulke, Mr. Christopher Heath was elected, on April 4, President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. He is the son of the late Mr. Christopher Heath, to whose efforts was due in a great measure the erection of the splendid Catholic Apostolic Church in Gordon Square. His grandfather was a surgeon in the Royal Navy, who served on the Earl of Howe's flag-ship a century ago. Mr. Heath was educated at King's College, and became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1856, and a Fellow four years later. After gaining experience as surgeon and lecturer on anatomy at Westminster Hospital, he migrated in 1865 to University College Hospital, and was elected assistant-surgeon. He stepped up to the full duties of the office in 1875, and became Holme Professor of Clinical Surgery at University College. In the same year Mr. Heath was appointed examiner in physiology and anatomy at the Royal College of Surgeons. He was on the Court of Examiners from 1883 to 1892. In the latter year he was Bradshaw Lecturer, and was Vice-President of the College. Mr. Heath's literary labours have been valuable and numerous. His "Dictionary of Practical Surgery" is, perhaps, one of his most useful achievements. He is an authority on diseases of the jaw.

Photo by Fradette and Young.  
MR. CHRISTOPHER HEATH,  
The New President of the Royal College of Surgeons.



The diversity of Irish politics has been increased by the secession of Mr. John Sweetman, member for East Wicklow, from the Nationalist party. Mr. Sweetman has resigned his seat in order to appeal to his constituents as a Parnellite. He says this action has been forced upon him by the acquiescence of the Nationalists in a policy which is thrusting Home Rule into the background. At the General Election, in 1892, Mr. Sweetman defeated both a Parnellite and a Conservative opponent. If the Conservatives do not start a candidate now for East Wicklow, but give their votes to Mr. Sweetman, he will have an easy victory. There is a good deal of doubt, however, whether this course will commend itself to the Unionists of East Wicklow.

Mr. Arthur Balfour is not content with golf as an outdoor pastime. He has been practising on a bicycle in Carlton House Terrace, under the approving eye of Mr. Akers-Douglas. Since Robert Lowe used to ride a bicycle, no Parliamentarian of the first rank has patronised that steed till now. Mr. Balfour's example may be extensively followed, and we may see M.P.'s bicycling gaily in Palace Yard, to the grievous disgust of cabmen. A House of Commons bicycle race at Lillie Bridge would be enormously popular.

M. Paul Villars has made a spirited protest in the *Figaro* against the English assumption that French journalists are the only people who make ignorant blunders about English titles. The *Figaro* is constantly coming to grief over "Lord Gladstone" and "Sir John Morlay," but M. Villars convicts the *Times* of having written "Mr." Henry Howorth. He might have pointed out, too, that when Sir Godfrey Lushington was appointed an Alderman of the London County Council some of our scribes did not know whether he was Sir Godfrey or Mr. Godfrey. But M. Villars, who knows our institutions so well, might render the *Figaro* a greater service. Why does he not send to his paper a complete list of English public men, with their proper titles printed in red ink? When this list had been posted up in the office of the *Figaro* for, let us say, ten years, our gay confrères across the Channel might learn to err occasionally and not habitually.

Jabez is coming home! We have been buoyed so long by false hopes of his return that even now it is hard to believe that he is on the sea. The steamer which is bringing him to our long desolate shores is called the *Tartar Prince*. The irony of the name may amuse Jabez in the night watches, for it is no ordinary *Tartar* he has caught at last, but the very prince of *Tartars*. Meanwhile he is said to be full of a scheme for paying off the liabilities of the *Liberator*. Let us hope this scheme is more practical than his suggestion long ago that, if he wrote a book, the profits would be big enough to satisfy all his creditors.

Another fugitive to the Argentine Republic seems likely to give the French Government as much trouble as Jabez has given to the British Foreign Office. M. Portalis, late editor of the *Dix-neuvième Siècle*, is badly wanted on a charge of blackmail. M. Hanotaux has asked for his extradition, and the Argentine Government has replied that the evidence against him is insufficient. This suggests that the law officers at Buenos Ayres enjoy nothing so much as a prolonged bout of wits with a European Power. Probably their local duties are rather trivial, and the prospect of having a game with France after a really delightful game with England is irresistible. We shall follow the negotiations between France and Argentina with sincere sympathy.

The Bach Festival, which was held at the Queen's Hall on three nights, April 2, 4, and 6, might perhaps have been a greater success than it really was. The Bach Choir is, it may be, somewhat too large and uneasy to

perform Bach in his choral perfection perfectly. "The St. Matthew Passion" was given on the first day with some beautiful passages, but with a general effect, however, of deficiency and failure. Mr. David Bispham sang on that occasion with extreme delicacy of feeling and of vocalisation, and, indeed, proved himself throughout the festival to be a true artist and even an exquisite singer. It is true that in the rendering of the B Minor Mass he seemed to be slightly tired, and not in such full voice as he had been before; but the work was not, for the bass voice, so important or so impressively necessary as upon other occasions; and therefore that may be forgiven him. Was the festival, then, a success? Yes, on the whole, it was. Certainly, in idea it was even a grand thought, for Bach's work is far too little known, too little understood by the public at large. Therefore we ought not to be too hard upon the Bach Society, which started out with excellent intentions. The Selection Night was, for the most part, a most interesting occasion—a night of beautiful song and pleasant delightfulness. The choruses, however, often found the work too difficult and exacting for their powers, and failed in rapidity and movement. The society has done a great thing, no doubt; it remains for it to do yet more. Professor Stanford conducted in a somewhat perfunctory manner, but his intentions were doubtless excellent.

The Philharmonic Concert of Thursday, April 4, was chiefly the occasion of a kind of Patti apotheosis. On that night Madame Patti sang three songs and was decorated with the gold medal of the Philharmonic Society. Mr. Cummings, standing before the diva, addressed her with emotional sympathy, informed her of the noble influences which she had wielded over dramatic and musical art in England. Therewith he bound around her throat the black velvet riband and the gold medal of Philharmonic Fellowship. Madame Patti's first song was "Una voce poco fa," which was perhaps a trifle faded; but there cannot be two opinions concerning the manner in which she followed that song with "Voi, che sapete," which she rendered very beautifully for the most part. Over her "Home, Sweet Home" at a Philharmonic Concert it were perhaps best to draw a decent veil.

The last Monday Popular Concert took place at St. James's Hall on April 8. It was a great function in its way, the performers being MM. Joachim, Ries, Gibson, Hobday, Ludwig, Becker, Bispham, and Borwick; Miss Fanny Davies, Mdlle. Eibenschütz, and Madame Sapio. Mr. Henry Bird accompanied, and the concert was a very full one, both in point of programme and in point of the numbers who attended. The opening piece, a sextet by Brahms (Op. 18), was played with really remarkable success and beauty; and Mr. Bispham, of course, sang with refined taste and sentiment. St. Saëns' variations on a theme by Beethoven (Op. 35) were played upon two pianos by Mr. Leonard Borwick and Mdlle. Eibenschütz with considerable effect and amid a general applause; and many other interesting performances took place. So we bid good-bye to the Monday Pops of this season, a season of good average achievement, but unnoticeable, perhaps, among the thirty-seven seasons that have passed over the head of that venerable institution.

It is seldom indeed that two of our limited number of Duchesses are carried away in a few days, as has now occurred with their Graces of Leinster and Buccleuch. Very different was their position in every other respect than rank; for the one had reached a patriarchal age, and



Photo by Bassano.  
THE LATE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH.

was surrounded by almost as many descendants, to the third generation, as the Queen herself; while the other's sun has gone down ere it was yet noon—the Duchess of Leinster died before her thirty-first birthday. The Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch was associated with an affair that gave immense trouble at the time of its occurrence, though now it seems almost childish. When the young Queen came to the throne she found a Liberal (or, as it was then fashionable to call it, a Whig) Government in office; Lord Melbourne, the Premier, won her personal friendship, and he placed around the young Sovereign great Whig ladies, who also became dear friends. About two years after the accession the Whigs were in a minority in the House of Commons, and the Tory leader, Sir Robert Peel, was about to form a Government. He announced that, as a part of the change, he must have all the offices of her Majesty's establishment vacated, to fill with his own friends' wives. The Queen

(then still single) replied that she thought this was as unconstitutional as it was disagreeable to herself. As Lord Palmerston tells: "They came three times to the charge. First, Peel made the demand, then he brought to his aid the Duke of Wellington, and finally he came back with the unanimous opinion of his Cabinet that it was to be. The Queen, alone and unadvised, stood firm against all these assaults, showed a presence of mind, a firmness, a discrimination beyond her years, and had much the best of it in the discussion." As she finally refused to send away her ladies, Peel gave up the attempt to form a Ministry, and Melbourne and Palmerston kept their places. However, when next they had a majority against them, two years later, matters changed. Then it was that the Duchess who has just died became the Mistress of the Robes, a position that she held during the Tory administration from 1841 to 1846.

Canon Fremantle, of Canterbury, the new Dean of Ripon, is the second son of the first Lord Cottesloe. He

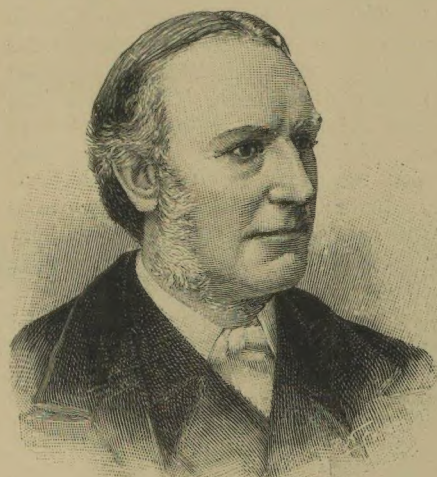


Photo by Russell and Sons.  
THE REV. W. H. FREMANTLE.  
The New Dean of Ripon.

was born in 1831, and was educated at Eton and Balliol. In 1854 he won the Chancellor's Prize for an English Essay, and in the same year was elected to a Fellowship at All Souls. He soon took orders, and, after working in Oxfordshire, he became, in 1865, Vicar of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square. His breadth of thought, wide sympathy, and personal geniality made his influence steadily grow. In 1882 he accepted a canonry of Canterbury and a Fellowship of Balliol, dividing his time and interests between the two places. He is a Broad Churchman with a distinct Evangelical side to his character; a Church reformer of, as some would suggest, the most Utopian type; a believer in reunion, to which he has lent the countenance of his presence at Grindelwald; and a Liberal in politics. In manner unaffected, devoid of the least rag of ecclesiasticism, and keenly anxious to serve all men, Canon Fremantle has long commanded the affectionate regard of a very wide circle. He married a daughter of Sir Culling Eardley, and the late Comptroller of the Mint is his brother.

## PARLIAMENT.

The chief Parliamentary events of the week have been the resignation of the Speaker and the election of Mr. Gully to the Chair. Mr. Peel took leave of the House in a speech in which he expressed his high sense of the co-operation he had always received from the members, from the Clerks at the table, and the other officials. The great regard in which Mr. Peel is held by the House was eloquently attested, especially by Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Balfour. There have been few more impressive farewells in Parliamentary history than that which formally terminated the great public services of a man who has by universal admission most admirably maintained the highest traditions of the Speakership. The Irish Land Bill was read a second time without a division, after an important speech from Mr. Chamberlain, who warned the Government that unless the Unionist amendments were accepted, the Bill would be wrecked by the House of Lords. Mr. Chamberlain supported the contention of the Irish landlords that the provisions of the measure with regard to improvements would destroy rent altogether; and complained further that there were no arrangements for facilitating land purchase. Mr. T. W. Russell, on the other hand, speaking for the Unionist farmers of Ulster, gave the Bill a cordial support; and Mr. Dunbar Barton, an Ulster Conservative, spoke pretty much in the same sense. The proposals of the Government were supported by Mr. Sexton, and severely criticised by Mr. Balfour, Mr. Brodrick, and Mr. Smith Barry. Sir William Harcourt introduced the Local Veto Bill, which differs in some important respects from its predecessor. There is to be a local option for limiting licenses as well as for prohibiting them. Prohibition must be carried by a two-thirds majority of the ratepayers, and when it has been in force for three years it may be repealed by a bare majority. The option to limit licenses may be adopted by a majority of one-third, and then only three-fourths of the existing licenses are to be granted. There will be no compensation to publicans under the Bill, except what the Chancellor of the Exchequer calls "time compensation"—that is to say, a notice of extinction. Sir Wilfrid Lawson accepted the Bill simply as a measure to place the management of the liquor traffic under popular control, while the Opposition was led by Sir Edward Clarke, who denied that in the interests of temperance there was the slightest need for such legislation. Mr. Dalziel, who is exceptionally fortunate in getting priority for private motions, proposed a resolution in favour of a second ballot at Parliamentary elections, and carried it by a majority of sixty. The object of the proposal is that no member shall be elected who has not secured an absolute majority of votes at the poll. An unsuccessful attempt was made to prevent the London County Council from exercising the option to work any tramways of which it might become the proprietor. Mr. Bryce pointed out that three municipalities, including the Corporation of Glasgow, already administer local tramways, but Mr. Chamberlain contended that this was an unfair interference with private enterprise.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Cimiez, Nice, has continued to enjoy the Riviera climate and scenery with her daughter Princess Beatrice and some younger members of the royal family. She has been visited by the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Princess Hohenzollern, and the Duchess of Anhalt. The Empress Eugénie, at her villa on Cap St. Martin, Antibes, has been visited by Princess Beatrice. The Queen and Princesses on April 3 visited the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury in their villa at Beaulieu. On Monday afternoon, April 8, the Queen and Princesses went by train to Grasse, where her Majesty stayed two years ago. She planted a tree in the grounds of the Villa Victoria, belonging now to Baroness Alice Rothschild; and the royal party got back to Nice before seven o'clock. Sir Edward Malet, the British Ambassador at Berlin, has visited her Majesty. Earl Spencer is succeeded by the Marquis of Ripon as Minister in attendance on the Queen.

It is announced that on May 8 the Queen will hold a Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace.

The Prince of Wales on April 4 left London on a visit to the Earl of Lonsdale, near Oakham, Rutlandshire, and returned to London on Monday, April 8.

The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Grand Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, with many of the nobility, attended the Army Point-to-Point races, on Saturday, April 6, over a four-mile grass course, near Borough Hill, Leicestershire. The Army Welter Point-to-Point race was won by Mr. A. Cresswell with his horse Scots Guards; the Army race for catch weights, 12 st., by Mr. D. F. Loftus, with Grenadier Guards; and the Yeomanry race by Mr. R. B. Muir, with his horse Killalo.

The Duke of Aosta, cousin of King Humbert of Italy, with his brother the Count of Turin, arrived in England on Sunday evening, April 7, and went next day to Stowe House, Buckinghamshire, the residence of the Comtesse de Paris. His marriage to Princess Hélène d'Orléans is fixed for May 13, at Stowe.

Political speeches out of Parliament have been delivered by Ministers: at Nottingham by Mr. Asquith and Mr. Arnold Morley, at Eastbourne by Sir Edward Grey, and Sir William Harcourt has received a deputation on electoral reform.

The "Eighty Club" of Liberals on April 5 entertained Mr. Stansfeld at dinner; Mr. G. W. E. Russell in the chair. Mr. Stansfeld said Irish Home Rule was in abeyance, but it would some day arrive, unless the Irish people were content with the last of the Irish Land Bills. The Independent Labour party was likely to grow, he was afraid, more at the expense of the Liberal party than of the Conservatives.

The pending bye-elections do not excite much general interest, except, perhaps, that for Leamington, in which the relations between the local Conservatives and Liberal Unionists are strained by the candidature of Mr. George Peel. In the city of Oxford Lord Valentia, the Conservative candidate, is opposed to Dr. Fletcher Little, the Liberal; in Mid Norfolk the Conservative is Mr. R. T. Gurdon, and the Liberal Mr. F. D. Wilson. For the next General Election Mr. W. Wightman, Chairman of the Lambeth Vestry, is expected to be the Liberal candidate for Kennington; Mr. Charles Tyrrell Giles, barrister, is the Conservative candidate for the Wisbeach Division of Cambridgeshire; and Mr. W. Theodore Duxford, ship-builder, is the Conservative candidate for Sunderland. In Ireland, Mr. John Sweetman, M.P. for East Wicklow, has resigned his seat, refusing any longer to be a pledged supporter of Lord Rosebery's Ministry, but is willing to be re-elected as an Independent Home Ruler.

The conference promoted by the Board of Trade upon the dispute between employers and workmen in the boot and shoe manufacture held a meeting on Friday, April 5, presided over by Sir Courtenay Boyle, and passed resolutions for conducting the inquiry. Statements of the prices for piecework, for lasting and finishing, and the factory rules for the use of machines were ordered to be furnished. The executive of the Federated Association of Manufacturers meets at Leicester.

A memorial window in St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, to preserve the tradition that Izaak Walton, book-seller, angler, pleasant author, friend and biographer of the clergy, lived and kept shop hard by, was unveiled on April 5. The Rector, the Rev. W. Martin, conducted a brief religious service; the ceremony was performed by Mr. W. Baily, Master of the Ironmongers' Company. Izaak Walton's tomb is in Winchester Cathedral.

The new public baths and washhouses for the parish of St. Saviour's, Southwark, erected at a cost of £40,000 by the parish vestry, were opened on Saturday, April 6, by Sir F. Wigan, Chairman of the Commissioners.

It is proposed to celebrate on May 20 the fiftieth anniversary of the sailing of Sir John Franklin's expedition,

in the *Erebus* and *Terror*, from Greenhithe, to explore the Arctic regions, where those ships were abandoned in April 1848, the commander and many others of his officers and crews having already perished. The successive expeditions to ascertain their fate long kept this pathetic and romantic story in the public mind. The Royal Geographical Society has taken the lead in this year's commemoration.

The magistrates at Clonmel, Tipperary, have committed for trial nine persons on the charge of burning to death a married woman, Bridget Cleary, whom they considered to be a witch or to be possessed by devils. At the instigation of a witch-doctor named Aherne, Michael Cleary, the husband, Pat Boland, the father, Mary Kennedy, the aunt, and four men, cousins of this unfortunate and innocent woman, with the witch-doctor and another man, wrapped her in sheets drenched with lamp-oil, set her on a blazing fire, and held her upon it. This was "to drive out the unclean spirits." She died the same night, March 15. After her death the husband expected to get his wife back in sound health by performing certain superstitious rites at the ruins of an old fort near his house.

The French Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Hanotaux, in the Senate on April 5 made an explanation concerning African "spheres of influence" in reply to Sir Edward Grey's declaration in the House of Commons. He said the two Governments had recently concluded an arrangement respecting the territorial limits of Sierra Leone and Senegambia, and were now engaged in negotiations with regard to the Niger; he was astonished that the imputed intentions of France should be held up as a grievance. With regard to the Upper Nile or its western tributaries, there was a vast region, twenty degrees of latitude, half the extent of Continental Europe, held by the Mahdi, under no

Wu-sung (the Shanghai River) and the Wu-sung Canal, of the Canton River, and of the Sleng-kiang, by way of the Tong-tong Lake; the removal of the Wu-sung Bar, and permanent works for keeping it open to navigation by large vessels; the opening of the ports of Chung-king-fu, Ou-chu-fu, on the Canton River, Soo-chu-fu and Hang-chu-fu, north and south of the Wu-sung; the unrestricted importation of machinery into China, and the right of foreigners to establish manufacturing industries.

The Chitral Relief Expedition, from the northern frontier of the Punjab, across the Swat mountain territory, described in a separate article, has begun with a march of surprising alacrity and with sharp fighting against the hostile tribes, the allies of Umra Khan. Major-General Sir Robert Low, commanding the division, has with him three infantry brigades, under Brigadier-General A. A. Kinloch, Colonel H. G. Waterfield, and Brigadier-General W. F. Gatacre, which consist of, 1st Brigade, battalions of the King's Royal Rifles, the Bedfordshire Regiment, 15th Bengal Infantry, and 37th Bengal Infantry; 2nd Brigade, the 1st Battalion of Gordon Highlanders, 2nd of King's Own Borderers, 4th Sikh Infantry, and Infantry Corps of the Punjab Guides; 3rd Brigade, 2nd Battalion of Seaforth Highlanders, 1st of East Kent Regiment, 25th Bengal Infantry, and 2nd Battalion of 4th Goorkhas; also Divisional troops, the Punjab Guides Cavalry, 11th Bengal Lancers, 13th Bengal Lancers, 23rd Bengal Infantry, 15th field battery of Royal Artillery, three Mountain Batteries, six companies of Bengal Sappers and Miners, and a Maxim gun detachment, with men of the 1st Battalion of the Devonshire Regiment. There is a movable column in the rear, at Abbotabad, under command of Colonel A. Gaseke, C.B.; and Major-General G. N. Channer, C.B., commands a brigade in reserve at Rawul Pindi; the line of communications is kept by troops under command of Colonel A. G. Hammond.

On Wednesday, April 3, Sir Robert Low, with the 1st Brigade, advanced from Dargai, by the Malakand Pass, towards the Swat River. The 2nd Brigade followed next day. The road lay up the bed of a mountain stream, and was very rugged to the top of the pass, which is 3000 ft. high. It was on Thursday, April 4, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, in the narrow and tortuous defiles approaching its summit, where "sangars," or stone breastworks, had been erected by the Swatis, on the left-hand side of the path, that the fighting actually commenced. The Guides were leading the way, or reconnoitring, aided by some companies of the 4th Sikh Infantry. The Scottish Borderers, the Gordon Highlanders, and the Goorkhas and 37th Bengal Infantry, who had halted while this reconnaissance was made, were ordered to take possession of a height to the left, commanding the enemy's position. It was a very steep ascent, encumbered with huge loose boulders. The enemy numbered at least three thousand, of whom about fifteen hundred were collected in the sort of rude stone fort they had made at the bend of the pass,

and they kept up a heavy fire of musketry on the British troops. In order to dislodge them from the "sangars," the mountain batteries and machine-guns were brought into action, as the narrowness of the defile made it impossible to extend the front line of troops. Bands of men dressed in white garments, incited by their priests waving flags, had occupied the higher places around, to assail the troops from every point of vantage. This conflict was maintained during three or four hours. But the skilful manœuvring of the Guides' Corps above turned the enemy's position. The Highlanders were then ordered to make an assault on the "sangars," which they did with bayonet charges, quickly effecting more than had been gained by a large expenditure of gun and rifle ammunition, cordite and smokeless powder. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the Malakand Pass was in the possession of the British forces. The enemy had fled, leaving about five hundred killed. On our side a few were killed, but Captain Macfarlane and Lieutenant Coke, of the 2nd Battalion King's Own Borderers, were seriously wounded. Captain Burney, 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders, and Second Lieutenants Hesketh and Watt, Lieutenants Baldwin, Harman, Wynch, and Ommaney, with some thirty British and native soldiers, also received wounds.

The enemy were pursued to Khar by the 37th (Dogra) Bengal Infantry. On April 4 the whole of the 1st Brigade, under General Kinloch, had marched beyond the pass to Aladand and the Swat River fords, driving back a force of 5000 Upper Swatis, who attempted to stop the advance at Thana. A body of 1200 was gallantly charged and dispersed by the Guides cavalry. The 2nd Brigade then moved up to support that of General Kinloch at Aladand, while the 3rd Brigade was at the Malakand Pass. On April 8 the whole of the forces were being concentrated, the headquarters being at Khar; the Swat River was bridged, in spite of some resistance by the enemy, who were pursued, as far as Uch, by the 11th Bengal Lancers; and no further opposition was expected on the road to Dir.



SKETCH MAP OF THE CHITRAL CAMPAIGN.

European control. The rights which might hover over it were those of the Sultan of Turkey and the Khedive. By the Convention of 1890 England partitioned with Germany the territories of the Sultan of Zanzibar. The sphere of British influence extended on the right bank of the Nile to the confines of Egypt. On the left bank of the Nile no limit was indicated, as neither Germany nor the Sultan of Zanzibar had any pretensions there. But France, which possessed territory north of the Congo, had now obtained from the Congo Free State a recognition of her rights over the Upper Ubanghi, and had never given her assent to unlimited British control over all that lay to the left of the Upper Nile. France required a precise delimitation of what was claimed on that side by England and by Egypt before she would assent to the British interpretation of the agreement made in 1890. While "pourparlers" for the discussion of this question were on foot, it would be better to refrain from public declarations that might render a settlement more difficult, and not to talk about acts of aggression or peremptory orders which did not exist. He trusted that two great nations, respecting each other, would be able to discover how to reconcile their respective interests, with their common aspirations to promote the progress of civilisation.

The German Emperor William II. has been visiting Kiel to inspect the arrangements for the grand ceremony of opening, in June, the Ship Canal across Holstein to connect the North Sea with the Baltic. On Sunday, April 7, his Majesty returned to Berlin.

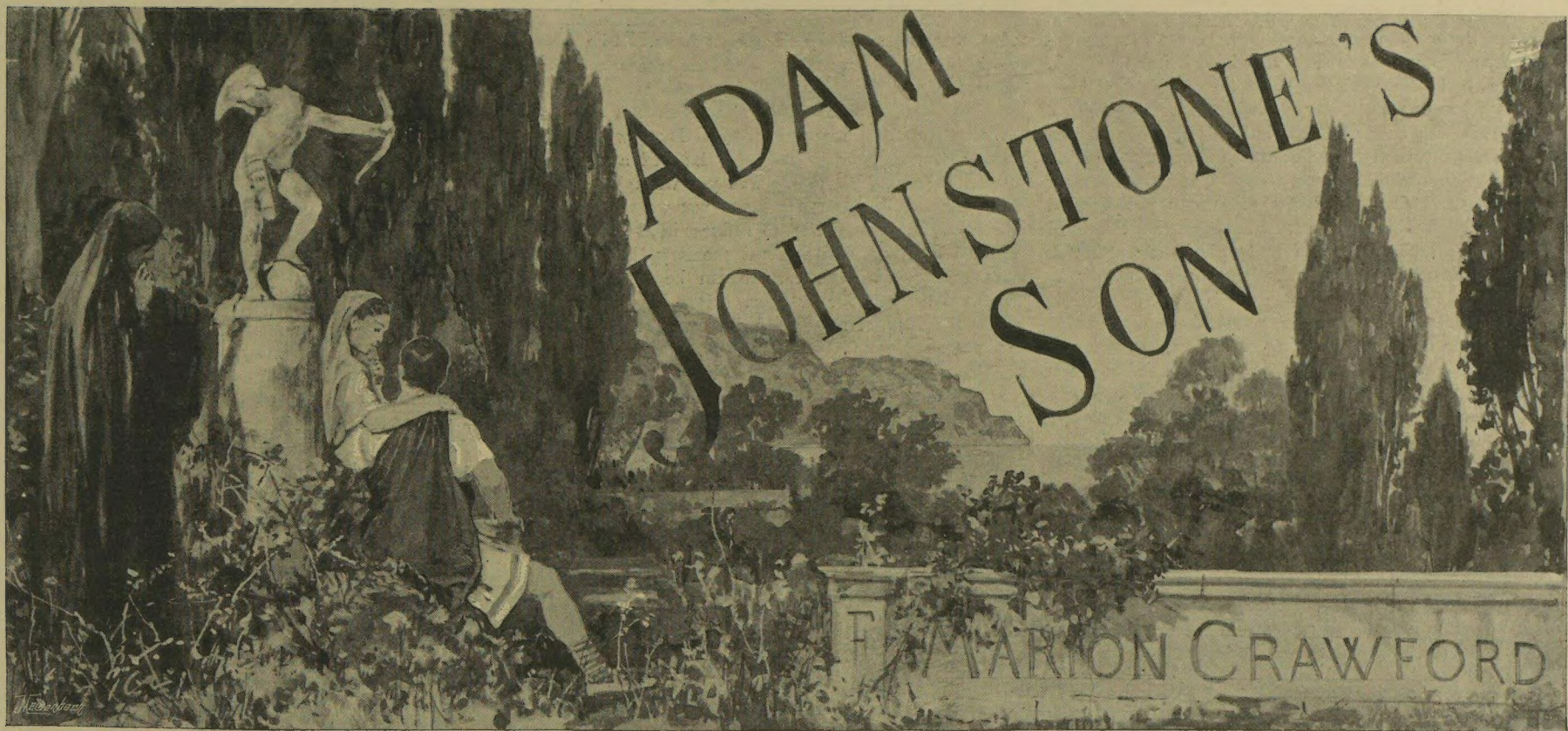
In the negotiations at Shimonoseki for peace between Japan and China the Japanese demands are stated to be the payment by China of a large money indemnity—about eighty millions sterling—for the war expenses; the recognition of the independence of Korea; the cession to Japan of the large island of Formosa and of the Liao-tung peninsula, which includes Niuchuang and Port Arthur on the north coast of the entrance to the Gulf of P'e-chi-li; also the opening to ships of all nations of the great Yang-tse-kiang River, as far as Chung-king-fu, of the





A BEAR SHOW IN OLDEN TIMES.





ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

## CHAPTER II.

The people from the yacht belonged to that class of men and women whose uncertainty or indifference about the future leads them to take possession of all they can lay hands on in the present, with a view to squeezing the world like a lemon for such enjoyment as it may yield. So long as they tarried at the old hotel it was their private property. The Bowrings were forgotten; the two English old maids had no existence; the Russian invalid got no more hot water for his tea; the plain but obstinately inquiring German family could get no more information; even the quiet young French couple—a honeymoon pair—sank into insignificance. The only protest came from an American, whose wife was ill and never appeared, and who staggered the landlord by asking what he would sell the whole place for on condition of vacating the premises before dinner.

"They will be gone before dinner," the proprietor announced.

But they did not go. When it was already late somebody saw the moon rise, almost full, and suggested that the moonlight would be very fine, and that it would be amusing to dine at the hotel table and spend the evening on the terrace and go on board late.

"I shall," said the little lady in white serge, "whatever the rest of you do. Brook! send somebody on board to get a lot of cloaks and shawls and things. I am sure it is going to be cold. Don't go away! I want you to take me for a walk before dinner, so as to be nice and hungry, you know."

For some reason or other, several of the party laughed, and from their tone one might have guessed that they were in the habit of laughing, or were expected to laugh, at the lady's speeches. And everyone agreed that it would be much nicer to spend the evening on the terrace, and that it was a pity that they could not dine out of doors because it would be far too cool. Then the lady in white and the man called Brook began to walk furiously up and down in the fading light, while the lady talked very fast in a low voice, except when she was passing within earshot of some of the others, and the man looked straight before him, answering occasionally in monosyllables.

Then there was more confusion in the hotel, and the Russian invalid expressed his opinion to the two English old maids, with whom he fraternised, that dinner would be an hour late, thanks to their compatriots. But they assumed an expression appropriate when speaking of the peerage, and whispered that the yacht must belong to the Duke of Orkney, who, they had read, was cruising in the Mediterranean, and that the Duke was probably the big man in grey clothes who had a gold cigarette-case. But in all this they were quite mistaken. And their repeated examinations of the hotel register were altogether fruitless, because none of the party had written their names in it. The old maids, however, were quite happy and resigned to waiting for their dinner. They presently retired to attempt for themselves what stingy nature had refused to do for them in the way of adornment, for the dinner was undoubtedly to be an occasion of state, and their eyes were to see the glory of a lord.

The party sat together at one end of the table, which extended the whole length of the high and narrow vaulted hall, and of which the guests staying in the hotel filled the opposite half. Most of them were more subdued than usual, and the party from the yacht seemed noisy by contrast. The old maids strained their ears to catch a name here and there. Clare and her mother talked little.

The Russian invalid put up a single eyeglass, looked long and curiously at each of the newcomers in turn, and then did not vouchsafe them another glance. The German family criticised the food severely and then got into a fierce discussion about Bismarck and the Pope, in

the course of which they forgot the existence of their fellow-diners, but not of their dinner.

Clare could not help glancing once or twice at the couple that had attracted her attention, and she found herself considering what their relation to each other could be,



"I beg your pardon," he was saying, "you have dropped your shawl."



and whether they were engaged to be married. Somebody called the lady in white "Mrs. Crosby"; then somebody else called her "Lady Fan," which was very confusing. "Brook" never called her anything. Clare saw him fill his glass and look at Lady Fan very hard before he drank, and then Lady Fan did the same thing. Nevertheless, they seemed to be perpetually quarrelling over little things. When Brook was tired of being bullied he calmly ignored his companion, turned from her, and talked in a low tone to a dark woman who had been a beauty, and was the most thoroughly well dressed of the extremely well-dressed party. Lady Fan bit her lip for a moment, and then said something at which all the others laughed—except Brook and the advanced beauty, who continued to talk in undertones.

To Clare's mind there was about them all, except Brook, a little dash of something which was not "quite quite," as the world would have expressed it. In her opinion Lady Fan was distinctly disagreeable, whoever she might be—as distinctly so as Brook was the contrary. And somehow the girl could not help resenting the woman's way of treating him. It offended her oddly and jarred upon her good taste, as something to which she was not at all accustomed in her surroundings. Lady Fan was very exquisite in her outward ways, and her speech was of the proper smartness. Yet everything she did and said was intensely unpleasant to Clare.

The Bowings and the regular guests finished their dinner before the yachting party, and rose almost in a body, with a clattering of their light chairs on the tiled floor. Only the English old maids kept their places a little longer than the rest, and took some more filberts and half a glass of white wine each. They could not keep their eyes from the party at the other end of the table, and their faces grew a little redder as they sat there. Clare and her mother had to go round the long table to get out, being the last on their side, and they were the last to reach the door. Again the young girl felt that strong desire to turn her head and look back at Brook and Lady Fan. She noticed it this time as something she had never felt until that afternoon, but she would not yield to it. She walked on, looking straight at the back of her mother's head. Then she heard quick footsteps on the tiles behind her, and Brook's voice.

"I beg your pardon," he was saying, "you have dropped your shawl."

She turned quickly, and met his eyes as he stopped close to her, holding out the white chudder which had slipped to the floor unnoticed when she had risen from her seat. She took it mechanically and thanked him. Instinctively looking past him down the long hall, she saw that the little lady in white had turned in her seat and was watching her. Brook made a little bow, and was gone again in an instant. Then Clare followed her mother and went out.

"Let us go out behind the house," she said, when they were in the broad corridor. "There will be moonlight there, and those people will monopolise the terrace when they have finished dinner."

At the western end of the old monastery there is a broad open space between the buildings and the overhanging rocks, at the base of which there is a deep recess, almost amounting to a cave, in which stands—or used to stand—a great black cross planted in a pedestal of white-washed masonry. A few steps lead up to it. As the moon rose higher the cross was in the shadow, while the platform and the buildings were in the full light.

The two women ascended the steps and sat down upon a stone seat.

"What a night!" exclaimed the young girl softly.

Her mother silently bent her head, but neither spoke again for some time. The moonlight before them was almost dazzling, and the air was warm. Beyond the stone parapet, far below, the tideless sea was silent and motionless under the moon. A crooked fig-tree, still leafless, though the little figs were already shaped on it, cast its intricate shadow upon the platform. Very far away, a boy was singing a slow minor chant in a high voice. The peace was almost disquieting—there was something intensely expectant in it, as though the night were in love and its heart beating.

Clare sat still, her hand upon her mother's thin waist, her lips just parted a little, her eyes wide and filled with moon-dreams. She had almost lost herself in unworded fancies when her mother moved and spoke.

"I had quite forgotten a letter I was writing," she said. "I must finish it. Stay here, and I will come back again presently."

She rose, and Clare watched her slim dark figure and the long black shadow that moved with it across the platform towards the open door of the hotel. But when it had disappeared the white fancies came flitting back through the silent light, and in the shade the young eyes fixed themselves quietly to meet the vision and see it all, and to keep it for ever, if she could.

She did not know what it was she saw, but it was beautiful, and what she felt was on a sudden as the realisation of something she had dimly desired in vain. Yet in itself it was nothing realised; it was, perhaps, only the certainty of longing for something all heart and no name, and it was happiness to long for it. For the first intuition of love is only an exquisite foretaste, a delight in

itself as far from the bitter hunger of starving love as a girl's faintness is from a cruel death. The light was dazzling, and yet it was full of gentle things that smiled, somehow, without faces. She was not very inquisitive, perhaps, else the faces might have come too, and voices, and all, save the one reality which had as yet neither voice nor face nor any name. It was all the something that love was to mean somewhere, some day—the airy lace of a maiden life-dream, in which no figure was yet wrought among the fancy-threads that the May moon was weaving in the soft spring night. There was no sadness in it at all, for there was no memory, and without memory there can be no sadness, any more than there can be fear where there is no anticipation, far or near. Most happiness is really of the future; and most grief, if we would be honest, is of the past.

The young girl sat still and dreamed that the old world was as young as she, and that in its soft bosom there were exquisite sweetnesses untried, and soft yearnings for a beautiful unknown, and little pulses that could quicken with foretasted joy that only needed face and name to take angelic shape of present love. The world could not be old while she was young.

And she had her youth and knew it, and it was almost all she had. It seemed much to her, and she had no unsatisfiable craving for the world's stuff in which to attire it. In that, at least, her mother had been wise, teaching her to believe and to enjoy rather than to doubt and criticise; and if there had been anything to hide from her it had been hidden, even beyond suspicion of its presence. Perhaps the armour of knowledge is of little worth until doubt has shaken the heart and weakened the joints and broken the terrible steadfastness of perfect innocence in the eyes. Clare knew that she was young; she felt that the white dream was sweet, and she believed that the world's heart was clean and good. All good was natural and eternal, lofty and splendid as an archangel in the light. God had made evil as a background of shadows to show how good the light was. Everyone could come and stand in the light if he chose for the mere trouble of moving. It seemed so simple. She wondered why everybody could not see it as she did.

A flash of white in the white moonlight disturbed her meditations. Two people had come out of the door, and were walking slowly across the platform side by side. They were not speaking, and their footsteps crushed the light gravel sharply as they came forward. Clare recognised Brook and Lady Fan. Seated in the shadow on one side of the great black cross, and a little behind it, she could see their faces distinctly, but she had no idea that they were dazzled by the light and could not see her at all in her dark dress. She fancied that they were looking at her as they came on.

The shadow of the rock had crept forward upon the open space while she had been dreaming. The two turned just before they reached it, and then stood still instead of walking back.

"Brook—" began Lady Fan, as though she were going to say something.

But she checked herself and looked up at him quickly, chilled already by his humour. Clare thought that the woman's voice shook a little as she pronounced the name. Brook did not turn his head nor look down.

"Yes?" he said, with a sort of interrogation. "What were you going to say?" he asked after a moment's pause.

She seemed to hesitate, for she did not answer at once. Then she glanced towards the hotel and looked down.

"You won't come back with us?" she asked at last, in a pleading voice.

"I can't," he answered. "You know I can't. I've got to wait for them here."

"Yes, I know. But they are not here yet. I don't believe they are coming for two or three days. You could perfectly well come on to Genoa with us, and get back by rail."

"No," said Brook quietly, "I can't."

"Would you if you could?" asked the lady in white, and her tone began to change again.

"What a question!" he laughed drily.

"It is an odd question, isn't it, coming from me?" Her voice grew hard, and she stopped. "Well! you know what it means," she added abruptly. "You may as well answer it and have it over. It is very easy to say you would not if you could. I shall understand all the rest, and you will be saved the trouble of saying things—things which I should think you would find it rather hard to say."

"Couldn't you say them, instead?" he asked slowly, and looking at her for the first time. He spoke gravely and coldly.

"I?" There was indignation, real or well affected, in the tone.

"Yes, you," answered the man, with a shade less coldness, but as gravely as before; "you never loved me."

Lady Fan's small white face was turned to his instantly, and Clare could see the fierce, hurt expression in the eyes and about the quivering mouth. The young girl suddenly realised that she was accidentally overhearing something which was very serious to the two speakers. It flashed upon her that they had not seen her where she sat in the shadow, and she looked about her hastily in the hope of

escaping unobserved. But that was impossible. There was no way of getting out of the recess of the rock where the cross stood except by coming out into the light, and no way of reaching the hotel except by crossing the open platform.

Then she thought of coughing, to call attention to her presence. She would rise and come forward, and hurry across to the door. She felt that she ought to have come out of the shadows as soon as the pair had appeared, and that she had done wrong in sitting still. But then she told herself with perfect justice that they were strangers, and that she could not possibly have foreseen that they had come there to quarrel.

They were strangers, and she did not even know their names. So far as they were concerned, and their feelings, it would be much more pleasant for them if they never suspected that anyone had overheard them than if she were to appear in the midst of their conversation, having evidently been listening up to that point. It will be admitted that, being a woman, she had a choice; for she knew that if she had been in Lady Fan's place she should have preferred never to know that anyone had heard her. She fancied what she should feel if anyone should cough unexpectedly behind her when she had just been accused by the man she loved of not loving him at all. And, of course, the little lady in white loved Brook; she had called him "dear" that very afternoon. But that Brook did not love Lady Fan was as plain as possible.

There was certainly no mean curiosity in Clare to know the secrets of these strangers. But all the same, she would not have been a human girl of any period in humanity's history if she had not been profoundly interested in the fate of the woman before her. That afternoon she would have thought it far more probable that the woman should break the man's heart than that she should break her own for him. But now it looked otherwise. Clare thought there was no mistaking the first tremor of the voice, the look of the white face, and the indignation of the tone afterwards. With a man the question of revealing his presence as a third person would have been a point of honour. In Clare's case it was a question of delicacy and kindness as from one woman to another.

Nevertheless, she hesitated, and she might have come forward after all. Ten slow seconds had passed since Brook had spoken. Then Lady Fan's little figure shook, her face turned away, and she tried to choke down one small bitter sob, pressing her handkerchief desperately to her lips.

"Oh, Brook!" she cried, a moment later, and her tiny teeth tore the edge of the handkerchief audibly in the stillness.

"It's not your fault," said the man, with an attempt at gentleness in his voice. "I couldn't blame you, if I were brute enough to wish to."

"Blame me! Oh, really—I think you're mad, you know!"

"Besides," continued the young man philosophically, "I think we ought to be glad, don't you?"

"Glad?"

"Yes—that we are not going to break our hearts now that it's over."

Clare thought his tone horribly business-like and indifferent.

"Oh, no! we sha'n't break our hearts any more! We are not children." Her voice was thin and bitter, with a crying laugh in it.

"Look here, Fan!" said Brook suddenly, "this is all nonsense. We agreed to play together, and we've played very nicely; and now you have to go home and I have got to stay here whether I like it or not. Let us be good friends and say good-bye, and if we meet again and have nothing better to do, we can play again if we please. But as for taking it in this tragical way—why, it isn't worth it."

The young girl, crouching in the shadow, felt as though she had been struck, and her heart went out with indignant sympathy to the little lady in white.

"Do you know, I think you are the most absolutely brutal, cynical creature I ever met!" There was anger in the voice now, and something more—something which Clare could not understand.

"Well, I'm sorry," answered the man. "I don't mean to be brutal, I'm sure, and I don't think I'm cynical either. I look at things as they are, not as they ought to be. We are not angels, and the millennium hasn't come yet. I suppose it would be bad for us if it did just now. But we used to be very good friends last year. I don't see why we shouldn't be again."

"Friends! Oh, no!"

Lady Fan turned from him, and made a step or two alone, out through the moonlight, towards the house. Brook did not move. Perhaps he knew that she would come back—as, indeed, she did, stopping suddenly, and turning round to face him again.

"Brook," she began more softly, "do you remember that evening up at the Acropolis—at sunset? Do you remember what you said?"

"Yes, I think I do."

"You said that if I could get free you would marry me."

"Yes." The man's tone had changed suddenly.



"Well, I believed you, that's all."

Brook stood quite still, and looked at her quietly. Some seconds passed before she spoke again.

"You did not mean it?" she asked sorrowfully.

Still he said nothing.

"Because you know," she continued, her eyes fixed on his, "the position is not at all impossible. All things considered, I suppose I could have a divorce for the asking."

Clare started a little in the dark. She was beginning to guess something of the truth she could not understand. The man still said nothing, but he began to walk up and down slowly, with folded arms, along the edge of the shadow before Lady Fan as she stood still, following him with her eyes.

"You did not mean a word of what you said that afternoon? Not one word?" She spoke very slowly and distinctly.

He was silent still, pacing up and down before her. Suddenly, without a word, she turned from him and walked quickly away towards the hotel. He started and stood still, looking after her—then he also made a step.

folly. If I ever said I would in so many words—well, I'm ashamed of it. You'll forgive me some day. One says things—sometimes—that one means for a minute, and then, afterwards, one doesn't mean them. But I mean what I am saying now." He dropped her hand and stood looking at her, and waiting for her to speak. Her face, as Clare saw it from a distance now, looked whiter than ever. After an instant she turned from him with a quick movement, but not towards the hotel.

She walked slowly towards the stone parapet of the platform. As she went Clare again saw her raise her handkerchief and press it to her lips, but she did not bend her head. She went and leaned on her elbows on the parapet, and her hands pulled nervously at the handkerchief as she looked down at the calm sea far below. Brook followed her slowly, but just as he was near, she, hearing his footsteps, turned and leaned back against the low wall.

"Give me a cigarette," she said in a hard voice. "I'm nervous—and I've got to face those people in a moment."

"Good-bye," he murmured in a low voice, but distinctly.

Their hands stayed together after they had spoken, and still she looked up to him in the moonlight. Suddenly he bent down and kissed her on the forehead—in an odd, hasty way.

"I'm sorry, Fan, but it won't do," he said.

"Again!" she answered. "Once more, please!" And she held up her face.

He kissed her again, but less hastily, Clare thought, as she watched them. Then, without another word, they walked towards the hotel, side by side, close together, so that their hands almost touched. When they were not ten paces from the door they stopped again and looked at each other.

At that moment Clare saw her mother's dark figure on the threshold. The pair must have heard her steps, for they separated a little and instantly went on, passing Mrs. Bowring quickly. Clare sat still in her place, waiting for her mother to come to her. She feared lest, if she moved, the two might come back for an instant, see her,



"Couldn't you say them, instead?" he asked slowly, and looking at her for the first time.

"Fan!" he called in a tone she could hear, but she went on. "Mrs. Crosby!" he called again.

She stopped, turned, and waited. It was clear that Lady Fan was a nickname, Clare thought.

"Well?" she asked.

Clare clasped her hands together in her excitement, watching and listening, and holding her breath.

"Don't go like that!" exclaimed Brook, going forward and holding out one hand.

"Do you want me?" asked the lady in white, very gently, almost tenderly. Clare did not understand how any woman could have so little pride, but she pitied the lady from her heart.

Brook went on till he came up with Lady Fan, who did not make a step to meet him. But just as he reached her she put out her hand to take his. Clare thought he was relenting, but she was mistaken. His voice came back to her clear and distinct, and it had a very gentle ring in it.

"Fan, dear," he said, "we have been very fond of each other in our careless way. But we have not loved each other. We may have thought that we did, for a moment, now and then. I shall always be fond of you just in that way. I'll do anything for you. But I won't marry you if you get a divorce. It would be utter

Clare started again in sheer surprise. She had expected tears, fainting, angry words, a passionate anything rather than what she heard. Brook produced a silver case which gleamed in the moonlight. Lady Fan took a cigarette, and her companion took another. He struck a match and held it up for her in the still air. The little flame cast its red glare into their faces. The young girl had good eyes, and as she watched them she saw the man's expression was grave and stern, a little sad, perhaps, but she fancied that there was the beginning of a scornful smile on the woman's lips. She understood less clearly than ever what manner of human beings these two strangers might be.

For some moments they smoked in silence, the lady in white leaning back against the parapet, the man standing upright with one hand in his pocket, holding his cigarette in the other, and looking out to sea. Then Lady Fan stood up too, and threw her cigarette over the wall.

"It's time to be going," she said suddenly. "They'll be coming after us if we stay here."

But she did not move. Sideways she looked up into his face. Then she held out her hand.

"Good-bye, Brook," she said quietly enough, as he took it.

and understand that they had been watched. Mrs. Bowring went forward a few steps.

"Clare!" she called.

"Yes," answered the young girl softly. "Here I am."

"Oh—I could not see you at all," said her mother.

"Come down into the moonlight."

The young girl descended the steps, and the two began to walk up and down together on the platform.

"Those were two of the people from the yacht that I met at the door," said Mrs. Bowring. "The lady in white serge, and that good-looking young man."

"Yes," Clare answered. "They were here some time. I don't think they saw me."

She had meant to tell her mother something of what had happened, in the hope of being told that she had some right in not revealing her presence. But, on second thoughts, she resolved to say nothing about it. To have told the story would have seemed like betraying a confidence, even though they were strangers to her.

"I could not help wondering about them this afternoon," said Mrs. Bowring. "She ordered him about in a most extraordinary way, as though he had been her servant. I thought it in very bad taste, to say the least of it. Of course I don't know anything about their



relations, but it struck me that she wished to show him off as her possession."

"Yes," answered Clare, thoughtfully. "I thought so too."

"Very foolish of her! No man will stand that sort of thing long. That isn't the way to treat a man in order to keep him."

"What is the best way?" asked the young girl idly, with a little laugh.

"Don't ask me!" answered Mrs. Bowring quickly, as they turned in their walk. "But I should think," she added a moment later; "I don't know—but I should think——" she hesitated.

"What?" inquired Clare, with some curiosity.

"Well, I was going to say, I should think that a man would wish to feel that he is holding, not that he is held. But then people are so different! One can never tell. At all events, it is foolish to wish to show everybody that you own a man, so to say."

Mrs. Bowring seemed to be considering the question, but she evidently found nothing more to say about it, and they walked up and down in silence for a long time, each occupied with her own thoughts. Then all at once there

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

An interesting speculation has been raised in the pages of a medical journal by Dr. G. Wyld. He discusses briefly the state of the mental faculties in persons who are semi-unconscious under chloroform, ether, and other anæsthetics. The case of Sir Humphry Davy is mentioned as experimenting in 1800 with laughing-gas. When under its influence Davy is said to have exclaimed to Dr. Kinglake, "Nothing exists but thought. The universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures, and pains." If these expressions are to be taken to imply anything at all, I presume they imply that under the influence of the gas Davy felt practically immaterialised, as it were, and lifted out of his corporeal self. Dr. Wyld's feelings in the inhalation of chloroform were that he suddenly experienced the extraordinary impression that his spiritual being stood visibly outside his body, regarding that deserted body lying on the bed. Here, again, there is an idea of immaterialisation, but precisely the same thing seems to me to occur in dreaming.

reality was that which underlay matter—namely, its spiritual substance. But then this is all hypothesis, and only a dream, after all is said and done. I fail to see that we can get nearer the subtle mysteries of matter or energy under chloroform. What is real can surely not be the better apprehended by a plunge into an abnormal state of sensation. If any of my readers have any experiences under chloroform of definite mental states to record, I pray them to let me hear them, so that Dr. Wyld's ingenious and suggestive ideas may be, perchance, strengthened or otherwise determined.

The ubiquitous microbe is known to present two sides or phases to its character. One is that of a disease-producing organism; the other that of the beneficent remover of decaying matter, and of actually assisting the animal body to perform certain of its ordinary vital functions—digestion, to wit. To what extent the animal may be dependent on microbes for its actual welfare, is an open question; but, if certain researches undertaken by Dr. J. Kijanizin, of the University of Kieff, are to be credited, there may indeed exist a closer alliance between germs and their hosts than has hitherto been deemed

Sikh Priest.



Lieut. Cheyne.

Capt. C. R. Ross. Major Sawyer.

Capt. Gordon.

Lieut. Henderson.

### THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION.

From a Photograph supplied by Captain Lovett, 2nd Battalion Gloucester Regiment.

was a sound of many voices speaking English, and trying to give orders in Italian, and the words "Good-bye, Brook!" sounded several times above the rest. Little by little all grew still again.

"They are gone at last," said Mrs. Bowring with a sigh of relief.

(To be continued.)

### THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION.

The sad calamity which recently befell a detachment of the 14th Ferozepore Sikhs, under Captain Clave R. Ross, lends especial interest to the accompanying photograph of a group with its officers. The regiment was raised in 1857 for service during the Mutiny by the late General Sir Campbell Clave Ross, father of the young officer who has just lost his life. General Ross commanded the 14th Sikhs for fourteen years. His son was on the way from Gilgit to Chitral, accompanied by quite a small detachment, with the intention of relieving Dr. Robertson. On March 10 the party was suddenly surprised at a defile on the river below Karagh by a band of tribesmen, at least ten times their superior in point of numbers. Captain Ross and his men tried to retire to Boni, but nearly fifty of the detachment were killed by rocks hurled upon them. Captain Ross was hit by a stone and shot through the head.

Be that as it may, and whether there is to be traced any analogy between dreaming and the sub-consciousness of narcotisation, Dr. Wyld says that he has heard of patients after chloroforming expressing ideas similar to those he describes. One operator told Dr. Wyld that his patients often "felt as if they saw with their inner eye all I was doing during the operations." Another patient alleged that he felt as if he had got at the bottom of all the secrets of nature—a clear state of mind-exaltation whereof it is not difficult to find analogies surely in our working life. Dr. Wyld would go a little further, however, and would argue that this preternaturally lively imagination, co-existing with a practical deadness of body, constitutes a singular bit of psychology. Perchance it does. All I confess I can see in it at present is merely the result of an unwonted and temporary brain stimulation, which presages and precedes the dip into temporary annihilation of sense and mind. To expect that the secrets of nature may be unveiled to us, or that the brain can perchance penetrate further into the nature of things in this state of exaltation than under ordinary circumstances is, I confess, a point in the argument difficult to comprehend.

Yet the inquiry of Dr. Wyld is philosophic enough. One friend put the matter to him concisely when he alleged that under an anæsthetic the Platonic idea came to him that matter was only phenomenal, while the only

possible. This investigator experimented upon animals, feeding them on food which had practically been sterilised, and giving them air which had been rendered wholly germless. One result of this regimen was to limit the assimilation of nitrogenous matter; the idea here being that the presence of microbes in the digestive tract is necessary to effect this desirable end of nutrition. The microbes left in the intestine, or originally present there, no doubt accomplished so much of the work; but the conclusion is that the microbes received with the food constitute an essential feature of healthy assimilation. Death was the not uncommon fate of many of the animals supplied with the sterilised food and air. This result may, perchance, arise from processes of self-poisoning such as the microbes, naturally present in air and food, obviate and prevent.

What strikes me as specially interesting, however, is the new analogy which Dr. Kijanizin's experiments reveal between the animal and the plant worlds. Certain plants can only assimilate nitrogen through the action and aid of the microbes which live in nodules on their roots. In the absence of these friendly germs no assimilation of nitrogen is possible. Therefore the case of the plant would seem to be closely related to that of the animal, if it be proved that the nutrition of the latter cannot proceed naturally without the aid of the helpful microbes.





HOLY THURSDAY AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE: KISSING THE COLUMN AT WHICH CHRIST WAS FLAGELLATED.



# THE HOMES OF IRISH LANDLORDS.

No. I.

## CURRAGHMORE.

WHILE the House of Commons is again considering the great question of the land in Ireland, and discussing Mr. John Morley's Land Law (Ireland) Bill, it is opportune to give our readers some views—happily non-political—of some of the chief estates in Ireland.

Among the Irish nobility few families have as distinguished a record as the House of Waterford, one of whose living scions—Lord Charles Beresford—has a world-wide fame wherever the English language is spoken and deeds of bravery are praised.

In the lovely county of Waterford, not far from the prosperous little town of Portlaw, which stands on the Clodagh, a tributary of the Suir, is Curraghmore, the seat of the Marquis of Waterford. The splendid mansion stands in grounds whose beauty is extremely varied. The white sheet of water near the house is a mirror in which the woodland finds a fair reflection. The estate within the walls covers an area of at least 2500 acres, of which about half is under timber. One of the present nobleman's predecessors added to this several extensive farms contiguous to the walls of Curraghmore, and by this means increased the area by 1500 acres. You can ramble through miles of delightful woods, with noble oak-trees casting a grateful shade, or you can ascend to the uplands and find on the peaks of the hills limestone rocks which are a mass of clearly defined marine shells. The impression which is left on the mind after traversing this grand estate is one of the lavish magnificence with which it is endowed. The river "glideth at its own sweet will" through land with verdure clad, and looks like a silver thread which has lost its way through the green handiwork of Dame Nature.

A few words about the owner of this fair demesne. The Most Noble Sir John Henry De la Poer Beresford, K.P., P.C., fifth Marquis of Waterford, Earl of and Viscount Tyrone, Baron Beresford of Beresford, in the county of Cavan, and Baron La Poer of Curraghmore, in the county of Waterford, and a baronet of the same part of the United Kingdom, and Baron Tyrone of Haverfordwest, in the county of Pembroke—to give the head of the family his full titles—was born May 21, 1844. He is the eldest son of the fourth Marquis by Christiana, third daughter of Mr. Charles Powell Leslie, M.P., of Glaslough, county Monaghan. His father took holy orders, and was the incumbent of Mullaghbrack, and rural dean in the diocese of Armagh. He died in November 1866, when the present Marquis succeeded to the title. Lord Waterford represented county Waterford in the House of Commons for barely a year prior to the death of his father and his consequent accession to the peerage. He was formerly Captain in the 1st Life Guards, taking as keenly to a military life as his three brothers. He is honorary Colonel of the 6th Brigade of the South Irish Division of the Royal Artillery. In 1868 he was made a Knight of St. Patrick. He married, in 1872, Florence Grosvenor, second daughter of Major George Rowley and niece of Sir Charles Rowley, Bart. She died in the following year. The Marquis married, secondly, in 1874, Lady Blanche Elizabeth Adelaide Somerset, only daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, K.G. By her he has had Henry De la Poer, Earl of Tyrone, Mary and Susan De la Poer (twins, of whom the former died in 1877), and Clodagh De la Poer.

Lord Waterford has a great interest in politics, and has often addressed the House of Peers on subjects chiefly connected with Ireland. His Lordship had the misfortune to meet with an accident when riding, which accounts for the privilege he has received of speaking from his seat instead of rising. What would in many cases be an obstacle to oratory has not hindered Lord Waterford in the slightest, and he has triumphed over this inconvenience with the pluck which is characteristic of the Beresfords. The Marquis held the office of Master of the Buckhounds in Lord Salisbury's first Government from 1885 to 1886, and was sworn a member of her Majesty's Privy Council in the former year.

His brother, Lord Charles William De la Poer Beresford, C.B., has had a career as exciting and interesting as that of any member of the aristocracy. He was born at Philipstown, county Dublin, forty-nine years ago, and became a

naval cadet at the age of thirteen. He was sub-Lieutenant in 1866, and Lieutenant in 1868. Lord Charles advanced to the rank of Commander in 1875, and Captain in 1882. He served on the *Marlborough*, the *Defence*, the *Olio*, the *Tribune*, the *Sutlej*, the *Research*, the *Victoria and Albert*, the *Galatea*, the *Goshawk*, and the *Bellerophon*. He was Flag-Lieutenant to the Commander-in-Chief at Devonport in 1872, and was naval Aide-de-Camp to the Prince of Wales on his visit to India. He joined the *Thunderer* in 1877, and afterwards commanded the royal yacht *Osborne* for three years. Three times has Lord Charles leapt overboard to save life at sea, and the Royal Humane Society rightly awarded him its gold medal. He

he was defeated. But in 1885 he was returned by a large majority as Conservative M.P. for East Marylebone, and represented this constituency until 1889, when he was appointed to the command of the *Undaunted*, which set out for service in the Mediterranean. He had resigned in the previous year his post as Junior Lord of the Admiralty as a protest against what he considered the undermanning of the British Navy. Lady Charles Beresford, whom he married in 1878, is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Richard Gardner, M.P. As we write, his Lordship is being fêted at Southport, where the Mayor entertained him to a banquet on April 6. Scarcely less remarkable than the record of his elder

brother is that of Lord William Leslie De la Poer Beresford, who is the modest possessor of the Victoria Cross. He was born on July 20, 1847, and early chose a soldier's life, for which he has proved himself eminently fitted. He greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Ulundi by his bravery. He was for several years aide-de-camp and military secretary to successive Governors-General of India, winning deserved popularity for his tact and kindness in a post of much responsibility. On his departure from India Lord William (abbreviated into "Bill" by his large circle of friends) was accorded several evidences of the way in which he was regarded by Anglo-Indians. He is a capital horseman, as becomes a Colonel of the 9th Lancers.

The other brothers of the Marquis of Waterford are Lord Marcus Talbot De la Poer Beresford, who was formerly Lieutenant in the 7th Hussars, and who is well known in racing circles; and Lord Delaval James De la Poer Beresford, who was formerly Lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion of the Leicestershire Regiment.

The ancient family of De Poer, or Le Poer, was established, according to the records, by Robert de Poer, who was Knight Marshal and Joint Governor of Ireland in 1179. To him was granted that portion of county Waterford extending from the river Suir to the sea, excepting the cantred of the Danes and the city of Waterford. Three lines descended from Robert de Poer—the Barons of Donisle, the Powers of Iverk, and the Powers of Curraghmore. With the latter we are to-day concerned. Tracing the lineage from Richard Poer, Lord of Curraghmore, who lived from 1452 to 1476, we find that his grandson, Sir Richard Power, Lord of Curraghmore, was created by a patent dated Sept. 13, 1535, Lord Le Power and Curraghmore. Richard, the sixth Lord, was created Viscount Decies and Earl of Tyrone in 1672. He died a Jacobite prisoner in the Tower of London. The second Earl, dying unmarried, was succeeded by his brother, James, third Earl, whose only daughter and heiress was Lady Catherine

Power. This lady married, in 1717, Sir Marcus Beresford, and their son George was created first Marquis of Waterford in the peerage of Ireland on Aug. 19, 1789. The second Marquis was a Knight of St. Patrick, a Privy Councillor, and Governor of the county of Waterford. The third Peer who held the marquissate was killed in 1859 by a fall from his horse at Corbally, near Carrick-on-Suir. As has been mentioned, the fourth Marquis was a clergyman. The surname of the family—Beresford—is derived from the manor of Bereford, or Beresford, in the parish of Alstonfield, in the county of Stafford.

Our Illustrations of Curraghmore speak for themselves, and will recall to all those who have been privileged to see this charming part of the county of Waterford the various aspects of the landscape which our artist has depicted. The mansion contains many interesting mementoes of the Waterfords, and several of the portraits are of particular value. It is unnecessary to make an inventory of all the curious links with history in the possession of the Marquis. Suffice it to say that they are in good keeping under his guardianship. In the district the family is held in high esteem, and under happier agricultural conditions the county would be in a more prosperous state. The inhabitants, however, manage to maintain their character for cheerful acquiescence in the most trying circumstances, and we can only trust that soon a brighter era will begin for Ireland, and especially for the fair county of Waterford. The darkest night is followed by some rays of light.

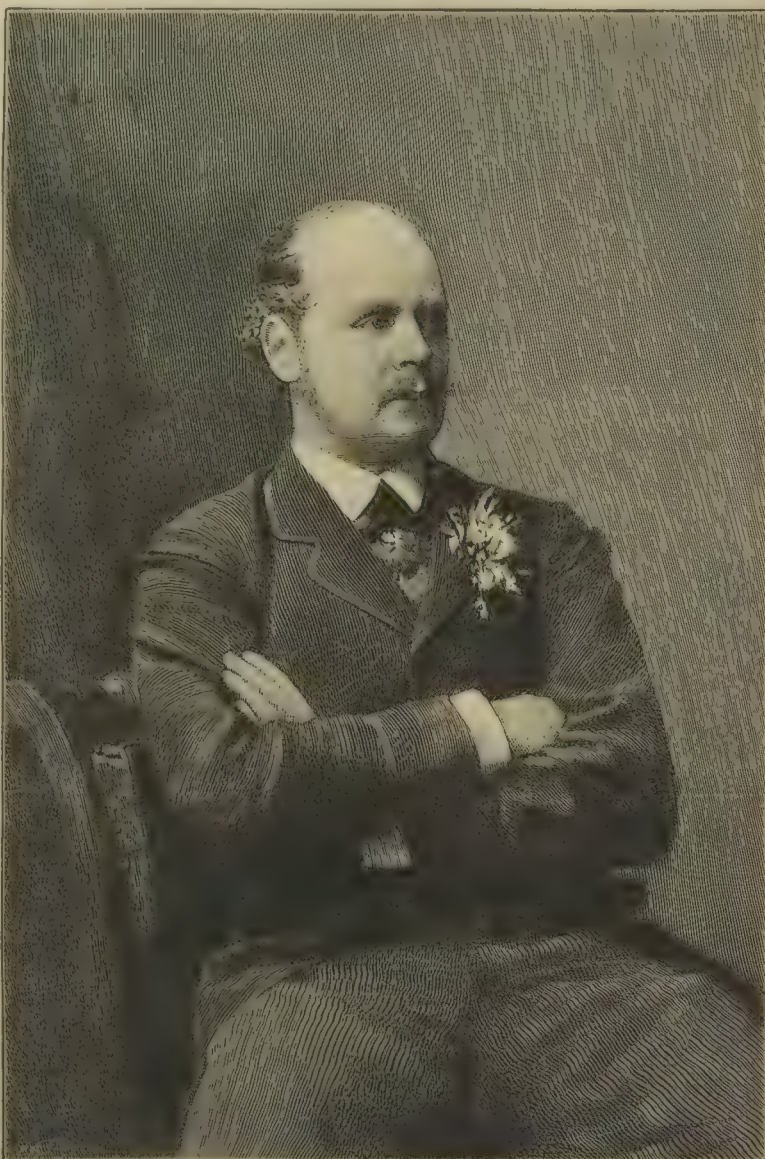


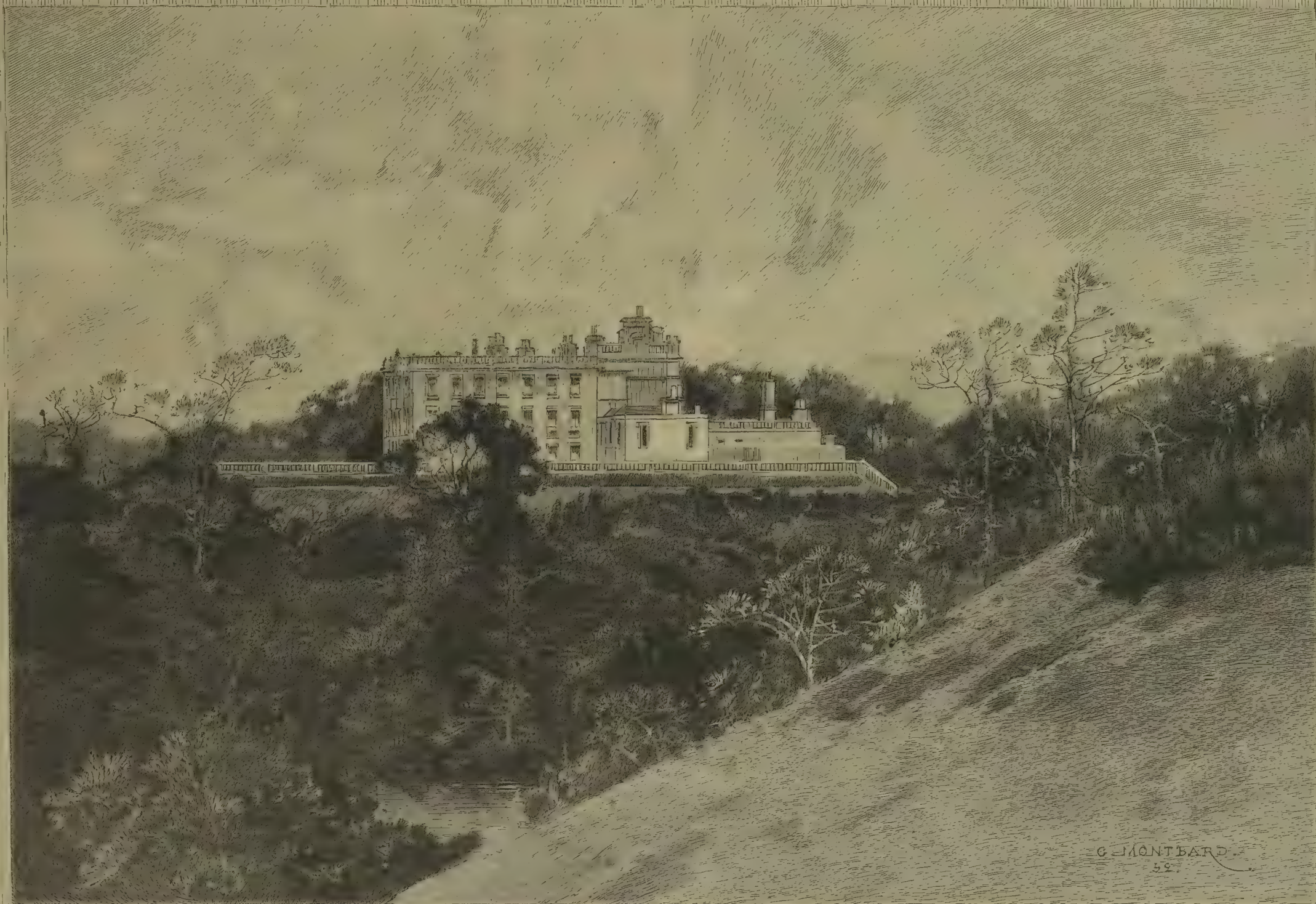
Photo by Bassano.

THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD, K.P.

commanded H.M.S. *Condor* at the bombardment of Alexandria with a skill and courage which earned for him the signalled congratulations, "Well done, *Condor*!" He managed to come to the rescue of the ironclad *Téméraire*, and to silence the guns of the Marabout batteries. Altogether, one of the brightest pages in the history of this warfare is that devoted to the achievements of the brilliant young officer. In September 1884 he joined Lord Wolseley's staff for the expedition up the Nile. At Abu Klea he was the only man in immediate charge of the machine gun who did not forfeit his life. Subsequently he rescued Sir Charles Wilson's wrecked band of men, after repairing the boiler of his little steamer under the hot fire of the enemy's fort. These are a few of the more striking incidents in a career which has won for Lord Charles Beresford a unique popularity.

His presence in the House of Commons imparted a refreshing liveliness to the debates, in which he never interposed without a distinct responsibility. It was like a "breeze from the briny" when Lord Charles uttered his short sentences of witty common-sense and illustrated his points with apt anecdotes culled from his voyages over many seas and his travels in many lands. One of his unfortunate experiences was the robbery of a considerable sum of money by a Chinese attendant, to whom he had shown much kindness, but whose "childlike and bland" manner concealed a knavish character. Lord Charles sat for county Waterford from 1874 to 1880, when







THE HOMES OF IRISH LANDLORDS.—No. I.



THE RIVER IN THE  
GROUNDS.

IN THE PARK.

OLD BRIDGE.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

IN THE PARK.

CURRAGHMORE, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.





VIEWS IN THE PARK.



## LITERATURE.

## PERSIAN PICTURES.

*Safar Nameh: Persian Pictures. A Book of Travel.* (Richard Bentley and Son.)—This little book will not take the town by storm, but it will capture the hearts of those who seek quiet resting-places by still waters. It is a book from which none will rise the wiser as to the geography or political history of the country traversed, such as Baedeker and Murray details being left to the writers who "bring back with them only the names of the places they have visited, and are much concerned that the list should be a long one." But it is a book from which the reader will gather a series of enchanting pictures. We are wafted, as it were, on Solomon's magic carpet, to the dreamy, mysterious, disdainful East, land of secrets and surprises; and breathe an atmosphere which is as nepenthe in drowning memories of our restless Western world. "Safar Nameh" means "Book of Travel," and here we have impressions rather than descriptions; the outcome of an observant, well-equipped mind; that, although it knows the "Gulistan" of Sadi, the "Divan" of Hafiz, and the "Rubaiyat" of Khayyám, never obtrudes its learning. And besides this, there is that gift of style which lifts the book at a bound to the level of "Eöthen." Certain touches and incidents, as the peeps into andaruns, or the women's apartments, and interviews with princesses and other women of rank, reveal the writer as a lady; perhaps, as suggested by other touches, the wife of a diplomat or accredited official. We ride through the noisy, many-domed bazaars, and pass out of these along foetid streets of mud hovels to enter some gateway opening into "a shadowy, flowery paradise," with avenues, at the end of the longest of which stands a fairy-like palace jewelled with coloured tiles, in whose central room a splashing fountain is reflected in the mirrors that line the walls. Or we wander through the great dwelling of the King of Kings, where jewels sparkle in the vaulted rooms, "on the shelves of the alcoves, on the carpets hung against the walls, or coruscate from the throne" of the Protector of the Universe. Near globes on diamond columns, ruby-sheathed swords, sceptres of turquoise and sapphire, stars and orders and "undreamt-of ornaments" are rows of bottles filled with silvery globules—pills which the Shah collected in his European travels! We return to the hot streets to meet a panic-stricken crowd, in which the cowardly native doctors lead the way, fleeing to the desert from cholera, but taking with them in their filthy persons the seeds of the disease which is their doom. Or it is the month of mourning for the murdered Imam Hussein, that son of the Ali whom the Shiahs Muslims recognise as the Prophet's lawful successor; and then is performed the famous Passion Play which Matthew Arnold makes the subject of one of his delightful "Essays in Criticism." And so the pageant of the East defiles before us in this fascinating book till the authoress carries us from the land of dust and stones, of nightingales and roses, to the borders of the Caspian en route to Constantinople, with its more familiar minarets and bare beauty of Saint Sophia.

## AN ARTISTIC STORY.

*The Degradation of Geoffrey Alwith.* By Morley Roberts. (Downey and Co.)—Geoffrey Alwith is a painter who, while still young, has struggled by hard work and privations, within sight of fame. A measure of solid prosperity he has already won; but he continues to produce not the things that please him, but the things that are certain to sell. He does this because he is desperately in love with Elizabeth or Beth Kyle, the tall, fair, cold, and unromantic daughter of well-to-do parents in Clapham. Miss Kyle, it is probable, would never be really enamoured of anyone but herself; and Geoffrey's influence over her is rather mental than physical; but he treads the clouds, and lives in bliss. The end of his long years of waiting, drudgery, and self-denial is at hand; Both promises to marry him in a month. Just here the arm of destiny is stretched out against him. A chum of his, who has failed to pass his medical examinations because instead of grinding "nerves" and "bones" he would be studying the obscure mental diseases, is persuaded that something is wrong with the painter. He prevails on him to pay a call in Cavendish Square, where, at the lips of an expert in brain disease, Geoffrey receives his death-warrant. In the course of a brief terrible interview he learns that he has not six months to live. The precise nature of his sickness is not described, but the medical reader may recognise it by the external symptoms as here set down, the principal of which is an unnatural brownness of the skin of the face and hands. The situation at this distressing point in the story recalls a leading episode in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's tale "The Light that Failed"; but Mr. Morley Roberts manages his narrative, both here and throughout, with much more restraint than Mr. Kipling; and in Geoffrey's outbursts of grief, horror, and despair, and in his pleadings with his stony-hearted mistress, the ear is never distressed by the note of hysteria. What happens, so far as Miss Kyle's part is concerned, the reader may easily divine. The "degradation" of Geoffrey, if the process of his undoing is correctly so described, begins forthwith. The force of circumstances outside himself, and, above all, the "hostile paces" of his mysterious disease, bear him gradually down, and Mr. Roberts has contrived so to isolate his poor hero in the final stages of his defeat by nature and the world that one would not have felt surprised had he gone to pieces in a much more lurid or discreditable fashion. As it is, taking due account of his utter wreck of hopes, career, and love, his complete loneliness, and the inevitable mental effects of his incurable disease, it cannot be said that Geoffrey's "degradation" takes much from the remains of manhood left to him by sickness and penury. The end, if sordid, is felt to be inevitable. A bright spot in the darkness of the closing scenes, and a pathetic instance, is the devotion of Nellie the model. In "The Degradation of Geoffrey Alwith," Mr. Roberts has written a strong, painful, and artistic story, not at all unlike life, and well worth reading.

## THE CITY OF SARPI.

*Venezia.* By Henry Perl. Adapted from the German by Mrs. Arthur Bell (N. d'Anvers). (London: Sampson Low, Marston and Co.)—This beautiful book, one of the very best to which the stones of Venice have given birth, is neither a history nor a guide, yet has something of the two-fold character. For the most part its light-hearted text is just such gossip as the man of the street desires—frivolous, spiced with a *soupeçon* of fact, rarely dull. The unfortunate to whom Venice is not an experience is led with a gentle hand from the railway station to the Riva degli Schiavoni; thence through the maze of waters which have received the eulogy, and the bones, of so many faithful children. With this admirable work and a zealous imagination, it would be possible almost to realise that indescribable hold upon the hearts and the affections of men which Venice claims before all the cities of Europe. I have never seen drawings so reflective of the atmosphere and the spirit of the lagoon as those of Ettore Tito, Tony Grubhofer, and the many who have come to the task of illustration. Not so much under the shadow of the churches, but in the dark ways of the remoter *calle*, upon the shores of the Lido, in the markets and islands is this success to be noted. Little impressionist sketches of Venetian girls, of groups of fishermen, of forgotten courts and gardens, abound upon the pages. There is no scene of moment familiar to the traveller overlooked. He may take his ice at Florian's, a gondola at the Riva, an hour or two among the facts and fables of the Ducal Palace, an afternoon by the Adriatic, a couple of days in the churches. If he know nothing of Venice, this book is a guide more worthy than any son of the Doges. If the records of the city of Dandolo and of Sarpi are a mere blur of forgotten facts upon his mind, there is history enough here for a daytime need and a ripe curiosity. And beyond these, there is the spirit of Venice breathing as an inspiration upon every line of writing, every touch of ready pencils.

"Venezia" truly is an *édition de luxe*. It is also a vastly comprehensive work, justly including in its scope points as wide apart as S. Nicolo del Lido and Chioggia, and all the more familiar islands which lie properly within the city's arms. It is very kind to the name of Byron, in which it differs from Mr. W. D. Howells; elsewhere it is often an echo of much that he has said, but an echo robbed of that graceful music of the American's prose. Judged, however, in its proper light as a picture-book, it has no rival either here or in Italy; and it must be many years before the enterprise of booksellers can give birth to anything which may be named with it. Its cover, from which the saint and the lion smile with benign promise upon the beholder, is worthy of the city of "Aldines." No richer achievement, or one in better grace, is likely to come from the renaissance of the art of Aldo Manuzio. And Mrs. Arthur Bell's translation, always careful, and at times elegant, does unflinching justice to the text of Henry Perl, even in those pages which are styled fitly "adaptations."

## BOOK-PRICES CURRENT.

Book-collecting during the last few years has become so much of a science that there is just the possibility of its being entirely shorn, at no very distant date, of every vestige of sentiment. No publication has contributed so much to this "materialistic" tendency as *Book-Prices Current* (Elliot Stock), of which the eighth annual volume has just appeared. In spite of this one drawback, it must be admitted, on the whole, that a yearly register of book-sales is a most welcome and, indeed, indispensable *vade mecum* for the bibliophile. The fashions in and, consequently, the prices of books alter in the course of every decade, just as the books which a man cherishes in middle life are not the books upon which he pinned his faith when a youth. It would require the brilliant analysis of a Locke or a John Stuart Mill to get anywhere near the bottom of the motives which result in these changes. It is enough, however, for the average bookseller to know that these changes do occur, and it is his business to be early in the market with the commodities over which he can effect a quick and substantial profit. Such a publication as "Book-Prices Current" helps not only the bookseller but also the bibliophile to keep up with the fluctuations of the market from year to year. During the past season over 50,000 lots of books, producing a total of £72,472, came under the hammer at the two or three chief book auction rooms of the metropolis; and such a total may be regarded as highly satisfactory. It is true that the sales of 1894 included no library of the first rank, and, as a matter of fact, the majority of the books sold in that period differ in but few respects from those which have previously appeared in the auction rooms year after year. Even of very rare desiderata collectors will only purchase when copies are exceptionally fine, or in other respects notable. However much the book fancies of the past score or more years may have changed, it is most gratifying to have continued and convincing proof that not only the Shakspeare quartos, but the *éditions principes* of the Elizabethan dramatists, and early English poetry generally, well maintain their high market value. Such books or pamphlets were never common, and now they are difficult to obtain in any state. In the early part of the century the price of a rare Aldine would have procured a barrow-load of Elizabethan plays; now we may purchase some of the choicest Aldines at a few shillings each, and fail to make a decent show of Elizabethan rarities after twenty years collecting! Two other classes of books which show no signs of depreciation in commercial value are those of extra-illustrated books and of books in which finely executed illustrations form an integral part. The former class, better known as Grangerised books, involve, when well done, a vast amount of time, labour, and money, and the mutilation of many scores of volumes. The entire process is vandalism of the most flagrant and reprehensible kind, but it is impossible to deny the extraordinary interest of such "extended" books. The second class do not depend at all on the text for their popularity, and of such books the more noteworthy are Dibdin's, William Coombe's, and Pierce Egan's; and in each case, with many others that might be mentioned, the text is almost beneath contempt. Indeed, the many attributes which combine to rescue particular works from a well-merited oblivion would form

a very entertaining chapter in a philosophical inquiry concerning the fashions in Books. Mr. J. H. Slater, the editor of "Book-Prices Current," is of the opinion that collectors are beginning to formulate a new rule, creditable alike to their taste no less than to their discretion: that the real value of a book does not always consist in the price paid for it, for that may dwindle away in after years, but also in its power to instruct and improve, always remembering, however, that the question of scarcity can never be entirely eliminated. A rare book is not necessarily an interesting one, and the fact that it costs a large sum of money is no guarantee that its possessor has derived a corresponding amount of intellectual pleasure out of it. Many grossly ignorant men have formed fine libraries of very rare books; whilst, on the other hand, the library of many an eminent man of letters has made an apparently ludicrous appearance in the auction-room. The real value of a library does not rest so much in the mere possession as in the use to which it may be put. It is on this account, if no other, that collectors of the immediate future are recommended universally to associate utility with rarity in their book-purchases. This will open up many fields of enterprise which have hitherto been neglected; and book-collecting will cease to be a species of gambling, in which at least one of two parties has to lose heavily in the long run.

## GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

*The German Reeds and Corney Grain: Records and Reminiscences.* Edited by David Williamson. The "Minster" Library, No. 1. (A. D. Innes and Co.)—London society, in the aggregate, is such a big, diversified, and complex, yet pretty characteristic representation of the shifting influences and changing habits and fashions of different classes, that the abiding spectator finds it pleasant to contemplate any favourite institution, dependent on voluntary support, which has maintained itself during forty years. A public entertainment like that which was opened in 1855 at St. Martin's Hall, subsequently removed to the Gallery of Illustration in Regent Street, and latterly accommodated at St. George's Hall in Langham Place, became quite a domestic and familiar haunt of many quiet people, middle-class lovers of refined amusement and innocent fun, who were not eager for theatrical novelties or curious about the dramatic posing of difficult ethical problems. The species of laughable homely comedy, with a delicate flavour of merry farce, which Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, Mr. John Parry, Mr. Corney Grain, and their associates, so long presented to constant audiences, enlivened by song and "patter" of superior drawing-room quality, was not the less agreeable to some worthy Londoners and their friends from the country because it was perfectly unassuming in itself, and unexciting in its effects upon the mind of youth. To compile and publish a brief historical memoir of this rather notable and really estimable social institution, as quickly as possible after the lamented deaths of three of its eminent active members, was a just and appropriate tribute as well to their personal merits and talents as to the place which their combined efforts have filled in a considerable section of our metropolitan world. Mr. Williamson has performed his task with much skill, good feeling, and good taste.

Those of us who are old enough to remember Miss Priscilla Horton at the Haymarket and Drury Lane, and who enjoyed Mr. John Parry's comic songs and droll mimicry even a few years earlier, still keep their pleasing recollections of a bright and graceful actress, with a sweet feminine presence, and of a powerful genius in the vocal, facial, and gesture-making expression of humorous ideas; the mistress of involuntary gentle smiles, the master of irrepressible laughter. If he was doomed to end his life with a period of regretted seclusion, due to mental decline, which was sad for his host of admirers, she until the other day, a good old lady in her peaceful retirement, had survived the triumphs she had modestly borne, and many kind thoughts, now and then inaudibly wafted from those she once amused, may have reached her spirit while she lived.

But the personal anecdotes which most abound in this little book are naturally those concerning Richard Corney Grain, a man apparently of strong vitality, whose age might have seemed to promise further continued success and timely repose. He joined the German Reed Company in 1870, and his considerable intellectual force, with his accomplishments as a vocalist and musical artist, added to his genius as an original humorist, has during a quarter of a century sustained the high reputation of the customary "Entertainment." The editorial diligence of Mr. Williamson has collected also sufficient notices of Mr. Thomas German Reed, his son, Mr. Alfred German Reed, Mr. Alfred Caldicott the composer, Mr. Arthur Law the librettist, and several of the performers at St. George's Hall. Many good portraits adorn this welcome historical record of a subject that has so very recently, to our sincere regret, become one of the past.

## OIONOS.

From out its chamber, green and high,  
A bird leap'd forth at break of day,  
And speeding o'er the wood, came nigh  
Where two great glittering armies lay.

It swoop'd aside, and clamour stirred  
The pale grey region where it flew;  
And wavering down the field, the bird  
Reach'd the calm river-place it knew.

But either army pau'd nor spoke,  
And one read foul and one read fair;  
And straight the storm of battle broke,  
With ruin here and triumph there.

At eve the bird flew back again,  
The plain beneath now bare and wide;  
Stars throng'd, the skies were fleec'd, in pain  
And thirst the warrior turn'd and died.

From cape to mountain beacons gleam'd,  
And cities waked with peal and blare.  
Head under wing, it slept, nor dream'd  
Of that wild symbol traced in air.—J. BOLINTON.



## THE SORROWS OF SHORT-STORY WRITERS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"A story," said an Irish gentleman, "should be short, true, and startling." Thanks to the countless new cheap magazines, ("We don't keep *Mucilage*, Sir, there are so many new serials," said the bookseller), there is a great demand for short stories. These aim at being brief and startling, if not true; but the supply of ideas and situations falls far below the demand. The storyteller, left to himself, says, "Now, let me see, there's Treasure—always a safe draw, Treasure." But in practice a treasure story is not an easy thing to write. The *clue* to the treasure is hard to find, if it is to be at all original. Then there are difficulties to be interposed; Poe managed this, and the whole affair excellently. Then who put down the treasure, in what circumstances at once plausible and picturesque? These matters demand invention, the usual lines are now so hackneyed.

The last treasure story which I have read is recommended by its extreme simplicity. A starving astrologer,

for good this time. In another magazine of the same date, in a tale by Mrs. Meade, the officer who runs down is a general. Mrs. Meade gives him a jog (he is only dying, not dead), and he says that it was *he*, not his daughter's young man, who killed the bad squire. Then he stops for good: it was "time for him to go." The next narrator may try a field-marshal; but, to be frank, I fear that this particular stratagem must be laid aside for a while.

In a learned essay on the question *why* do ghosts make such a pother about having their small debts paid? I have read concerning two men, seemingly dead, who were set going again with ether. One asked that a small debt of his might be paid; the other said to his wife, "You will never find that pin," which, indeed, he had lost many years before. Matters so minute were occupying the fleeting, or almost flown, consciousness. The argument was that a ghost is not engaged in more serious affairs. This leads to a third difficulty in the way of the conscientious short-story teller. The ghost, for purposes of

Mr. Boldrewood or Mr. Hume Nisbet. "The Black Tracker," it sounds like a good taking shilling's-worth, but perhaps it has already been done.

Mere sketches of flirtation seem to be unpopular except when Mr. Hope is the flirt; and Ouida says that all humorous short stories are odious, so no self-respecting person will venture on them. Thus the field is very restricted, while the labourers are many. Pathos is still cheap—you can always ill-treat a dog or misunderstand a child. Were we in France I could recommend the Improper; but our most daring writers only venture to be improper in squalid and tragic circumstances. Gay impropriety is still tabooed—no outlet in that direction. The moral reasons for all this are a mystery, but it is certain that the way is barred. In fact, humour itself is almost criminal, even when apparently harmless.

Others may take a less gloomy view of this branch of business, and, of course, now and then someone may dream a good idea, or may come across some suggestive fact in real life. But, to one observer, the manufacturers



"WHAT'S THAT!"—BY W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.

From the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Piccadilly.

in gratitude for a breakfast, bids a singular Hindoo; of the probable height of six feet three and the likely name of Meer Alee, to dig in an enclosure of two acres. He and his English friend dig, and treasure is all over the place. Just under an old temple floor is a large assortment of loose pearls. There is an Oriental coin, with the date 1400, and an inscription in an Eastern language. How in the world should Orientals of 1400 A.D. be using the date of the *Christian* era, whether in Arabic, or Roman, or any other numerals? I protest that a treasure story should be a trifle more plausible than this. I don't believe in 1400, in "Orient pearls at random strung"—or not strung at all—under a pavement, in a paddock as full of pelf as a field is full of turnips; nor can one put faith in a starving astrologer who does not tickle with a hoe so rich a soil, which, when tickled, laughs with harvest.

There is another kind of tale which may easily be overdone. Poe began it, as usual—Poe, the grandmother of all who write startling tales. You revivify a dead or dying man. Poe mesmerised him; the results were gruesome. Mr. Grant Allen takes a colonel who is like a watch that has run down; he gives him a jog, by scientific means, and then the gallant officer ticks for a few moments, as it were, tells where he has hidden his will, and stops again—

fiction, is becoming impossible. He used to be an able-bodied spectre, with a thrilling history, and a keen, if playful, intelligence. Now we know too much about him: he is mainly automatic, his effects are limited and stereotyped, his intentions are vague, while he never has any history in particular. One ghost, indeed, imprints three cold kisses on the cheek of any lady who sleeps in the haunted room, and perhaps a story-teller *might* make something out of this: I mention it in charity to the destitute narrator. But there was a rampagious spectre in *Blackwood* lately who was quite out of date, and in whom no student of the natural history of ghosts could possibly believe.

The poor inventor now turns sadly to detective stories. But they, also, are stereotyped. What Voltaire began, what Poe excelled in, all the arts of Zadig and Dupin and M. Lecoq are familiar, and the practical reader spies the secret from the first. I myself am very dull at guessing these riddles, and no doubt the general public shares this disability. I have a sketch for a murder with a lasso, and a new dodge for salting a gold-mine, which are at the service of the destitute. A nice series might be written by turning M. Lecoq or Sherlock Holmes into a Black Tracker in Australia. Local colour may be pilfered from

of *contes* seem in a cheerless way. Of all things, beware of hypnotic stories. The stupidest reader sees the drift at once, and throws the dull fabrication away. There is nothing to be done with hypnotism in romance.

A clever and pretty adaptation of an idea long current on the Continent has been made by Messrs. Poulton and Son, of Lee. They have issued coloured postcards, effectively decorated with delightful little views of places of interest, yet leaving plenty of space for correspondence. They expect to add to their list of views many of the chief cities in the United Kingdom.

The Ameer has decided not to visit this country after all, but is sending his eldest son instead. This arrangement appears to have given some relief to the authorities, both in India and at home. Abdurrahman would have been very welcome in London, but our hospitality might have been tinged with apprehension as to what was going on at Cabul in his absence. The Ameer governs his people with a strong hand, and the temporary withdrawal of that strong hand might have had unpleasant consequences. However, we shall be glad to see the heir to the Ameer's throne.



LARNACA.



A CONVICT UNDER GUARD.

NATIVE TYPES.

WINE-CELLAR.







LatestNovelties inBiscuitsand Cakes

INTRODUCED BY

# PEEK, FREAN & CO.,

## Biscuit Manufacturers, LONDON.

### BOUDOIR Biscuits.

With Raspberry-Vanilla Flavour,  
similar to "Moselle," but larger.

### MOSELLE Biscuits.

A small, light sponge finger,  
flavoured with Vanilla or  
Raspberry-Vanilla as desired, and  
suitable for dessert or with ices.

### GRESHAM Biscuits.

A small oblong Biscuit,  
with a pink stripe and pleasant flavour.

### RASPBERRY SANDWICH Biscuit.

A popular Biscuit in sandwich form.

### LEMON SANDWICH Biscuit.

A similar Biscuit to the "Raspberry," with Lemon flavour.

### THANET Cake.

New Cake, supplied in two qualities, Fruit and Seed, for cutting  
up into slices or blocks.

### GRAFTON Cake.

New Currant Cake at a low price, made in 7 lb. sizes, and especially  
suitable for cutting up at Tea Meetings and School Treats.

### GLOUCESTER Cake.

A new flat Cake, supplied in sizes varying from 2 to 6 lb.  
in three varieties, viz.: Fruit, Madeira and Seed, all  
with peel on top. The larger sizes are specially  
recommended to those requiring a first-class cake at  
moderate price in 4, 5, or 6 lb sizes, for cutting up into  
slices or blocks.

ALL THE ABOVE NOVELTIES ARE SUPPLIED THROUGH  
THE ORDINARY TRADE CHANNELS.

## NURSERY BISCUITS.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE.

Place a Biscuit in a basin; pour upon  
it one teacupful of boiling milk or milk and  
water; let it stand for ten minutes; then  
beat it up with a fork. Or, preferably, pour  
upon it the milk or milk and water cold;  
boil, and let simmer for five minutes; then  
beat it up well with the fork. If it is to be  
taken from a feeding-bottle, boil the biscuit  
as above in water only; work it with a  
wooden spoon through a hair sieve; then add  
about an equal quantity of milk, varying,  
however, according to the age of the child.





## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 9, 1892), with a codicil (dated Aug. 9, 1893), of Mr. James Hall Renton, a director of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, the Forth Bridge, and the West Highland Railway, of 39, Park Lane and of 11, Queen's Gardens, West-Brighton; who died on Jan. 22, was proved on March 30 by Duncan McCallum and Henry Robson, the nephews, and Captain William Gordon Renton, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to £823,173. The testator bequeaths his oil-paintings and water-colour drawings to his wife, Mrs. Alicia Renton, for life, then as to the portraits of his daughters, Ethel Smyth and Agnes McNeill, by Luke Fildes, to his daughter, Mrs. Smyth, and as to the remainder to go with his residuary estate; one of the four silver vases presented to him by the proprietors of the Stock Exchange each to his four sons; all his jewellery, plate, furniture, books, wines, consumable stores, effects, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, and £2000 to his wife; £4000 per annum to his wife during widowhood, and £1000 per annum in the event of her marrying again, and he gives her the choice of either his London or Brighton residences, for life, or, instead, if she prefers it, an additional £500 per annum; £1000 to the Benevolent Fund of the Stock Exchange; and many legacies to relatives, servants, and others, including £100 to each clerk who has been in the service of his firm for five years. He also bequeaths five and a half thirtieth shares of the business of stock and share dealers, carried on under the name of Renton Brothers and Co., to his son James Hall Renton, in addition to the two shares he already has; seven and a half of the said shares to his son Arthur Henry Renton; and £50,000 to his son William Gordon Renton; and £12,500 to his son Alexander Leslie Renton, as they do not take any share in the business. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nine children, William Gordon Renton, James Hall Renton, Alexander Leslie Renton, Arthur Henry Renton, Ethel Smyth, Agnes McNeill, Alice Warde Carrington, Ellen Aird, and Evelyn Warde Renton in equal shares. Certain advancements to children are to be brought into account in the division.

The will (dated Feb. 24, 1894) of Mr. Henry Ray Freshfield, J.P., D.L., formerly one of the solicitors to the Bank of England, late of Kidbrooke Park, East Grinstead, who died on Feb. 8, was proved on April 2 by Douglas William Freshfield, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £338,630. The testator leaves all his plate, pictures, furniture, household effects, wines, and consumable stores, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, farming and garden implements, and £10,000 to his wife, Mrs. Jane Quintrie Freshfield; all his houses and lands in Sussex to his wife, for life, and then to his son, Douglas William Freshfield; £5000 per annum to his wife, for life; and £80,000, upon trust, as to the income, to apply the same, so far as it will go, in payment of his wife's annuity, and at her death to pay same to his son for life; and as to the capital, at his son's death, for his issue

as he shall by deed or will appoint. The residue of his property he gives to his said son.

The will (dated Jan. 19, 1886), with a codicil (dated Feb. 13, 1893), of Mr. Thomas Johnston, J.P., of Broomsleigh, near Seal, Kent, who died on Feb. 25, was proved on March 25 by Mrs. Mary Bridget Johnston, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £127,690. The testator devises all his real estate in the county of Cumberland to his wife for life, with remainder to his second cousin Anthony Edward Harrison in fee simple; and all his real estate in the county of Westmorland to his wife for life, with remainder to his second cousin Lawrence Jackson Harrison in fee simple. He gives an annuity of £30, in addition to what she already receives, to Miss Ada Hammond; and the residue of his real and personal estate, including property he is entitled to appoint under settlement, to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Nov. 21, 1888) of Sir William Scovell Savory, Bart., F.R.S., of 66, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, and The Woodlands, Stoke Poges, Bucks, who died on March 11, was proved on April 1 by the Rev. Sir Borradaile Savory, Bart., the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £93,190. The testator gives £5000 to his brother, Dr. Charles Tozer Savory; £1000 to his grandson, William Borradaile Savory; and the residue of his estate and effects to his son, Borradaile, for his own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated Sep. 4, 1873) with a codicil (dated Dec. 6, 1892) of Mr. James Atkinson, of Old Bond Street, perfumer, who died on Feb. 24 at West Worthing, was proved on March 30 by Mrs. Kathleen Emma Atkinson, the widow, Edward Atkinson, the brother, and James Lawrence Atkinson, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £61,682. The testator bequeaths £200 to his wife, and £100 to his brother Edward. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his wife for life or widowhood, and then for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated March 8, 1884), with two codicils (dated April 15 and June 30, 1886), of Mr. Richard John Griffiths, D.L., J.P., of New Court, Herefordshire, who died on Dec. 26 at 22, Gloucester Terrace, was proved on March 29 by Mrs. Frances Jane Burdon, the daughter, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £51,054. The testator bequeaths all his household furniture and effects, consumable stores, horses, carriages, farming implements, and outdoor effects to his daughter Mrs. Burdon; £1000 to his cousin, Colonel Henry H. Griffiths; and legacies to grandchildren, goddaughter, and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said daughter for life, and then to his eldest grandson, Edward Griffiths Burdon.

The will (dated Jan. 2, 1893) of Miss Elizabeth Dugdale (daughter of the late Mr. James Dugdale, D.L., J.P., of Ivy Bank, Lancashire, and Crathorne, Yorkshire), of 177, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on March 1, was proved on March 29, by Lieutenant-Colonel Edward

Waugh Rumsey, William Ingham Shaw, and James Lionel Dugdale, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £17,881. The testatrix bequeaths £2000 to her sister, Mary Emma Rumsey; £2000 to her nephew and godson William Ingham Shaw; £1000 to her nephew James Maitland Shaw; £500 each to her nieces Charlotte Ellen Dugdale, and Alice Maud Dugdale; £200 each to her other nieces; and legacies to servants. There are also some specific gifts of jewellery to relatives. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for the children of her sister, Mary Emma Rumsey, in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 5, 1887), with three codicils (date 1 July 17, 1889; April 3, 1891; and June 2, 1892), of Mrs. Frances Anne Daniell, of Foley Lodge, Newbury, Berks, who died on Jan. 19 at The Hermitage, Ascot, was proved on March 16 by Lieutenant-Colonel De Courcy Daniell, R.A., the son, and the Rev. John Richards, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £16,692. The testatrix gives various stocks and shares, furniture, plate, and effects to her daughter Risida Emma Daniell; £500 to her daughter Mrs. Julia Eliza Magniac; and the residue of her real and personal estate to her said son.

The will and codicil of the Rev. James Pycroft, of Dudley Mansions, Lansdown Road, Brighton, who died on March 10, were proved on March 30 by Mrs. Henrietta Louisa Pinney, the niece and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9236.

The will and codicil of Captain Thomas Narramore Were, Elder Brother of the Trinity House and Father of the Corporation, of 27, Westbourne Park Road, who died on Feb. 28, were proved on March 27 by Thomas Kennet Were and Edgar Christmas Harvie, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4236.

The "City of London Directory" for 1895 has just appeared from the publishing house of Messrs. W. H. and L. Collingridge. It maintains its usual excellence, and gives much information not otherwise obtainable. The portion relating to City Companies is especially interesting. There is a coloured map on a large scale which materially adds to the value of the volume.

The engraving of "West Highlanders" (Frost and Reed, Bristol) suggests the question, often asked, whether the artist, Mr. Louis B. Huth, is the pupil or only the unconscious imitator of Mr. Peter Graham, R.A. He has in many respects the same touch, and displays the same knowledge of Highland scenery and Highland cattle. The present picture represents a drove of these shaggy-coated, long-horned "kylies" crossing a moor amid mist and driving rain. Here and there gleams of light coming over the mountain crags add to the beauty and grandeur of the scene. Mr. Huth has not only acquitted himself well in his work, but has found an excellent interpreter for it, and in a form which will render it popular to admirers of Scotch mountains and Scotch cattle.

# THE MANUFACTURING GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY,

(With which is incorporated the GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, Ltd. (A. B. Savory & Sons) late of Cornhill, E.C.)

Show-Rooms: 112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. (Adjoining Stereoscopic Company.)

SUPPLY THE PUBLIC DIRECT AT MANUFACTURERS' CASH PRICES, SAVING PURCHASERS FROM 25 TO 50 PER CENT.

The GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY invite attention to the following Press Opinions, showing the great advantages offered by the Company's system of trading, as compared with that of any other house in England.

The TIMES: "The Goldsmiths' Company's collection of Jewels, the moderate prices of which, combined with admirable taste and high quality, defies competition and deserves attentive examination."

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, W.

The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS: "The Goldsmiths' Company supply the public direct at manufacturers' cash prices, thereby dispensing with the middleman, and saving purchasers the numerous intermediate profits usually obtained."

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, W.

TRUTH: "We visited the Goldsmiths' Company's premises in Regent Street, and saw some lovely things in Jewellery, Diamond Ornaments, and Silver Plate. Their stock is all marked in plain figures such a comfort to the buyers. We had one of their Illustrated Catalogues, and with difficulty tore ourselves away from all the enchantment."

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, W.

The QUEEN: "The Goldsmiths' Company have long been famous for the splendid assortment of artistic Jewellery they have on view in their spacious show-rooms. All these treasures are freely shown to visitors simply as a matter of courtesy, and not necessarily with a view to business."

VANITY FAIR: "We know of no firm that has made such rapid progress as the Goldsmiths' Company."



Fine Diamond and Golden Cornelian Brooch, £7.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE WITH REDUCED PRICES, POST FREE.



Fine Diamond and Golden Cornelian Ring, £10 10s.



Finest Quality Diamond Studs, Set of three, £12. Also from £9 to £100.



Fine Diamond and Golden Cornelian Brooch, £10.



Fine Diamond and Gold Brooch, £5.

THE LARGEST AND CHOICEST STOCK IN THE WORLD OF DIAMOND ORNAMENTS, FOR Wedding and Complimentary Presents. AN INSPECTION INVITED.



A Large Assortment of Guaranteed Watch Bracelets in Stock.

Special Designs and Estimates Free.

Family Jewels Remodelled. Estimates Free.

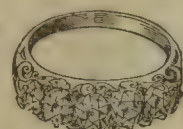


Fine Diamond Maltese Cross Pendant, £50. Larger sizes, £150 to £400.



Fine Diamond Brooch, £16.

GOODS FORWARDED TO THE COUNTRY ON APPROVAL.



Fine Diamond Half-hoop Ring, from £15 to £200.



Finest Quality Pearl Studs, Set of three, £12. Also from £2 to £60.



Regd. No. 241,743. The "Coupling" Brooch. Diamond Hearts with Enamel Coupling, £4. Also in Pearls and Gold.



Fine Diamond Brooch, £7 10s.

The GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY invite attention to the following Press Opinions, showing the great advantages offered by the Company's system of trading, as compared with that of any other house in England.

The FINANCIAL NEWS: "The managers of the Goldsmiths' Company, if they cannot boast of the hoary honors of the large firms they have successively absorbed, can with justice claim that they have introduced a life and vigour which, before the establishment of their business, were wanting. The Goldsmiths' Company has taken a leading position in the trade."

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, W.

The WORLD: "The Goldsmiths' Company's establishment is always a fashionable place for Wedding Presents, and judging from the number supplied by the Company, it is evident that they are securing a monopoly in this department."

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, W.

The LADY'S PICTORIAL: "The Goldsmiths' Company's show-rooms, where visitors may wander at will without being subject to unduly pressing attentions upon the part of the staff of assistants, contain a superb stock of Diamond Ornaments, Jewellery, and Silver Plate, at very moderate prices."

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, W.

The OBSERVER: "At the Goldsmiths' Company, in Regent Street, where so many pretty things may be had at such temptingly moderate prices."

COURT JOURNAL: "Those who contemplate purchasing Wedding Presents should pay the Goldsmiths' Company a visit."

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.



# CARR'S PATENT WOVEN LADDER TAPES



For  
Venetian Blinds.

**STAMPED QUALITY.**

The Genuine have the name "CARR'S" stamped on the interwoven cross tapes once in each yard.

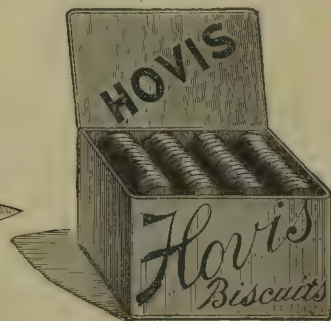
Ask for **CARR'S Stamped Quality LADDER TAPE.**

# HOVIS (REGD.)

**BREAD.**

Cure for  
Indigestion.

Supplied to the  
**QUEEN and  
Royal Family**



If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "HOVIS," or if what is supplied as "HOVIS" is not satisfactory, please write, sending sample (the cost of which will be defrayed), to

**S. FITTON & SON, Millers, MACCLESFIELD.**

Bakers recommending any other Bread in the place of "Hovis" do so for their own profit. Beware!

# HORSE EXERCISE AT HOME.

VIGOR'S  
*Horse-Action  
Saddle*

HIGHLY APPROVED OF BY  
**H.I.H. THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.**

PERSONALLY ORDERED BY  
**H.R.H. the PRINCESS of WALES.**

ADOPTED BY  
**SIR HENRY THOMPSON,**

AND PRONOUNCED BY  
**DR. GEORGE FLEMING, C.B.,**

*Late President of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, and Principal Veterinary Surgeon to the British Army,*  
to be a most efficient substitute for the live horse.

EXERCISE ON THIS SADDLE  
**QUICKENS THE CIRCULATION,  
STIMULATES THE LIVER,  
AIDS DIGESTION,  
CURES GOUT & RHEUMATISM,  
AND  
SAFELY REDUCES OBESITY.**

*Special Side Saddles  
for LADIES.*



**THE LANCET** says: "The expense and difficulty of riding on a live horse are avoided."  
**The Sporting Times** says: "Ten minutes' gallop before breakfast will give the rider a Wiltshire labourer's appetite."

SEND FOR PARTICULARS AND TESTIMONIALS.

**VIGOR & CO., 21, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.**

THE ORIGINAL FIRM, ESTABLISHED 1810.

# MAPPIN BROTHERS'

ONLY  
LONDON  
ADDRESSES:

**66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (NEXT SIR JOHN BENNETT'S.)**

**220, REGENT STREET, W.**

**"Queen's" Plate**

(Protected)

**Spoons & Forks and**

**"Queen's" Cutlery**

(Protected)

Are the finest in the World,  
and have stood the test  
of 80 years.



**Canteens,  
Tea & Coffee  
Services,**

**Entrée Dishes,  
&c.,**

Supplied direct by  
the Manufacturers.

**MAPPIN BROTHERS' Goods** can only be obtained at  
**220, Regent St., W.; 66, Cheapside, E.C.; & Queen's Works, Sheffield.**



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Running over to America to act with a shipload of scenery and a marked tour is a feat as easy of accomplishment to-day as it was to visit Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, or Glasgow some forty years ago. When we miss actor or favourite actress for a few weeks they are sure to be touring in America, and I must own that, once the American fever is well taken, it is by no manner of means easy to get rid of it. Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree are on the eve of sailing for home and the Haymarket, and by the time they have settled down Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry will be off on the grand American tour again. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have taken so many American tours in succession that we scarcely know their faces in England; and when Miss Olga Nethersole lands at Southampton, the last brand-new silver-gilt American star crowned with roses and honours, we shall all be preparing to say good-bye to Mr. John Hare, who, for the first time in his long, varied, and meritorious career, will show the most finished and artistic expression of English art to the keen lovers of the drama in America and Australia.

These delicate little compliments to our American cousins are sincere and well deserved. Soon comes the time when they are reciprocal. It did not astonish me very much when I heard that Mr. Henry Irving, at the urgent insistence of Miss Ellen Terry, had offered an engagement for certain characters in the Lyceum repertoire to Miss Julia Arthur, a young American actress of somewhat exceptional talent. When I was in New York a couple of years ago I had the pleasure of seeing this young lady act. I am bound to confess that she was an artist far superior to the character entrusted to her, which was that of the second heroine in a Drury Lane sporting drama. At that time Mr. Leonard Boyne was the hero of the hour and of the racing drama aforesaid. All the young swells of New York accepted Mr. Boyne as their dress model. The typical Irish lover of horses was at race-meetings, driving his own drag and four, or at trotting tracks, or at training stables, while at night all the "horsey" element of New York, male and

female, came down to Mr. French's theatre on the Broadway for the mere pleasure of coming behind the scenes and mounting the drags and pretending that they were seeing a real race. Miss Julia Arthur did all that earnest artist could possibly do to put a serious touch into this sensation play. She is an actress who is bound to come to the front. Highly sensitive, nervous, imaginative, and with desperate energy, all she seems to want is practice, and, of course, the training of such a master as Henry Irving. The new school will like her because she is unconventional, although I am ever tired of reminding the new school that some of us admired the rare unconventionality of Stella Colas, Clara Morris, Janau-schek, and Aimée Desclée when our school was the new one and not the old. Miss Julia Arthur will have plenty of practice at the Lyceum. How shall I describe her? Well, a very interesting personality indeed, almost a striking one. If it had been compulsory for Mrs. Patrick Campbell to abandon "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" at the bidding of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and so leave a play in which she is so supremely good, I don't think a better substitute could have been found than Miss Julia Arthur, for she is just a little weird, and her individuality would have tacked itself well on to Mrs. Ebbsmith. However, she is booked now for the Lyceum, and America will record, in a few months' time, the curious precedent of an English company going over with an American actress in its midst.

I cannot understand what my friend Mr. Edward Rose means by making so gratuitous and ugly a sneer at a dramatist once very dear to many of us, and certainly to the public at large—Henry J. Byron. Mr. Rose talks of the "aesthetic sense of the amateur being depraved by years of H. J. Byron." What does he mean by talking such nonsense? If Mr. Rose cannot condescend to see or read "Our Boys," as bright, as wholesome, as clever, and as tender-hearted a little play as the modern playgoer has ever welcomed, I would draw his attention to "Cyril's Success," "Partners for Life," "Uncle Dick's Darling," and scores more of the plays that are not very advanced, thank God! that don't praise vile sons for cursing their fathers, or teen with aesthetic paradoxes and flippant vulgarities, but, at any rate, have given the greatest possible happiness to the greatest number. If the aesthetic sense of the amateur is

only to be cultivated and spoon-fed on "Wild Ducks" and Belgian Shaksperes; if ghosts and death dialogues are to be paraded as the acme of æsthetic beauty, all I can say is that I thank my lucky stars that I saw David James, William Farren, and Cicely Richards in the last act of "Our Boys," and that I have vividly photographed on my memory the delightful personation of Adelaide Neilson, J. L. Toole, and Henry Irving (Mr. Chevenix) in "Uncle Dick's Darling." But once more why cannot we go mad, if we must go mad, over Ibsen and Maeterlinck and Belgian Shaksperes and Norwegian philosophers without digging up the dry bones of dead dramatists. What harm did poor Byron ever do to the age of to-day? But no critic of to-day, literary or dramatic, can point an argument without flinging mud at Dickens or Thackeray, at Robertson or Byron. In these days, knowing what we know now, it is quite comical to talk of any human being, young or old, being "depraved" by such an honest, pure, simple-hearted, and witty writer as Henry James Byron. I seem to see old Eccles standing before the iconoclastic Rose—actor, dramatist, and critic—and saying, "Why don't you pull at my poor old grey hairs! Take a tug at them, do!" For my own part, I wish they would leave the grey hairs and dead bones of our well-loved dramatists alone. It is too early yet to begrime the memory of men many of us have loved so well as Robertson and Byron, and I am certain that there is not more than one amateur out of the thousands who have been "depraved" by H. J. Byron who would echo the cheap sneer of Mr. Edward Rose.

The Earl of Hopetoun, on leaving Victoria, has received many tokens of the esteem in which he is held. A farewell banquet at the Town Hall, Melbourne, was given in honour of the retiring Governor-General, who urged the company to make federation a burning question. Something was said by the Prime Minister of Victoria as to the hope that before the end of the century there would be a Governor-General of United Australia, and Lord Hopetoun said that if he should have the good fortune to be offered such a post he would feel it to be his sacred duty to accept it. This is a satisfactory sign that the crimson thread of kinship may soon bind Great Britain even nearer to her Colonies.

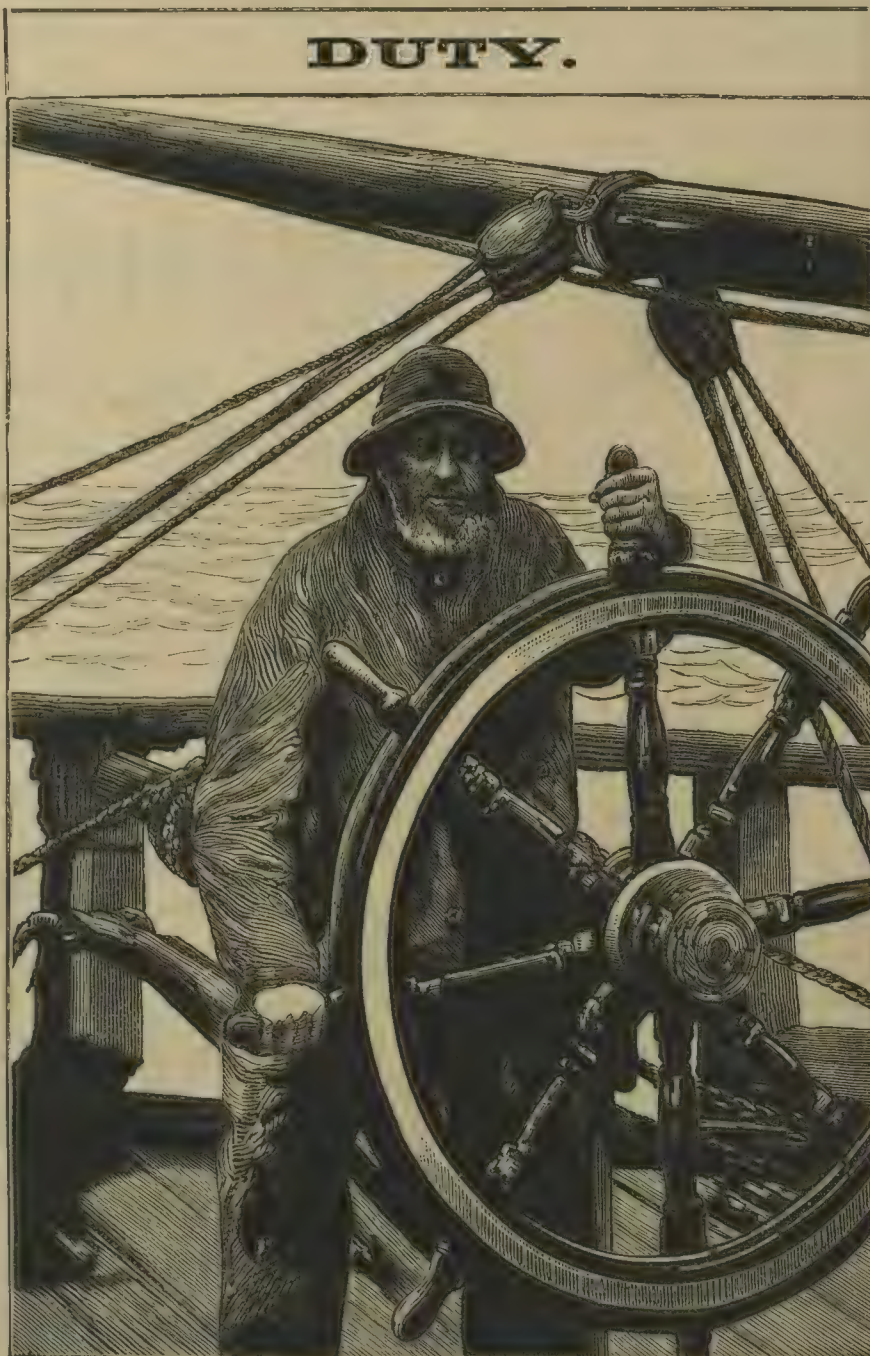
## TRUE GREATNESS HAS LITTLE, IF ANYTHING, TO DO WITH RANK OR POWER!

Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, F.R.S.

THE BEST OF US IS JUST A SENTRY AT HIS POST.

"DID GOOD BY STEALTH, AND  
BLUSHED TO FIND IT FAME!"

BERLIN, the French philanthropist, says "Little Folks," was once travelling in the depth of winter among the mountains of Alsace. The cold was intense, the snow lay thickly upon the ground, and, ere the half of his journey was over, he felt himself yielding to fatigue and sleep. He knew if he gave way to sleep he would wake no more; but, in spite of this knowledge, desire for sleep overcame him, and he lost consciousness. When he came to again, a wagoner in blue blouse was standing over him, urging him to take wine and food. By and by his strength revived, he was able to walk to the wagon, and was soon driven to the nearest village. His rescuer refused money, saying: it was his duty to assist distress. Oberlin begged to know his name, that he might remember him in his prayers. "I see," replied the wagoner, "you are a preacher. Tell me the name of the GOOD SAMARITAN." "I cannot," answered Oberlin, "for it is not recorded." "Ah, well," said the wagoner, "when you can give me his name, I will then tell you mine." And so he went away.



**EXCITEMENT,**  
**CHANGES OF THE WEATHER,**  
**SLEEPLESSNESS,**  
**FEVERISH COLD**  
**WITH HIGH TEMPERATURE AND QUICK PULSE**  
**USE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."**  
**AN IMPERATIVE HYGIENIC NEED.**

**PREVENTABLE!**—Why should fever, that vile slayer of millions of the human race, not be as much and more hunted up, and its career stopped, as the solitary wretch who causes his fellow a violent death? The murderer, as he is called, is quickly made an example of by the law. Fevers are, at most, universally acknowledged to be preventable diseases; how is it that they are allowed to level their thousands every year, and millions to suffer almost without protest? The most ordinary observer must be struck with the huge blunder. Who's to blame? For the means of preventing premature death from disease, read **DUTY**, given with each bottle of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." The information is invaluable. If this invaluable information were universally carried out, many forms of disease, now producing such havoc, would cease to exist, as Plague, Leprosy, &c., have done when the true cause has become known. The "FRUIT SALT" (one of Nature's own products) keeps the blood pure, and is thus of itself one of the most valuable means of keeping the blood free from fevers and blood poisons, liver complaints, &c., ever discovered. As a means of preserving and restoring health, it is unequalled; and it is, moreover, a pleasant, refreshing, and invigorating beverage. After a patient and careful observation of its effects when used, I have no hesitation in stating that, if its great value in keeping the body healthy were universally known, not a household in the land would be without it, nor a single travelling-trunk or portmanteau but would contain it.

**I USED MY "FRUIT SALT" FREELY** in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life.—J. C. ENO, London, S.E.

**SLEEPLESSNESS, FEVERISHNESS.**—Drawing an overcoat on the Bank of Life—Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, feverish colds, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of stomach, &c.—Use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It is pleasant, cooling, health-giving, refreshing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

**IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS IN INDIA, EGYPT, AMERICA, AND THE CONTINENT.**—Please send me half-a-dozen bottles of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." I have tried ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" in India, Egypt, America, and on the Continent for almost every complaint, fever included, with the most satisfactory results. I can strongly recommend it to all travellers; in fact, I am never without it.—Yours faithfully, AN "ANGLO-INDIAN" OFFICIAL, June 8, 1878.

**THE STOMACH AND LIVER AND THEIR TRIALS.**—"Permit me to say that I have suffered much from a Stomach and Liver Complaint." Having consulted doctors and tried many medicines, but found that none of them relieved me of this unhappy condition, one doctor told me to try ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." I acted upon his advice at once, and it is now nearly a year since I began to use it. Its great value has not been overstated, and I wish to say that by its use I am enabled to follow my daily occupation and to enjoy the pleasures of life. I have recommended ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" to others.—Yours faithfully, "TRUTH."  
"To Mr. J. C. ENO."

**IF THE GREAT VALUE OF ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** in keeping the Body in Health were universally known, no family would be without it. It is the best Preventive of and Cure for Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Giddiness, Fevers, Blood Poisons, Mental Depression, Want of Appetite, Constipation, Vomiting, Thirst, &c., and to remove the effects of Errors in Eating and Drinking. It is invaluable to those who are Fagged, Worn Out, or anyone whose duties require them to undergo Mental or Unnatural Excitement or Strain; it keeps the Blood pure and prevents disastrous diseases by natural means.

## THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

*Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in Life.*

Examine each bottle, and see that the capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

**PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.**



**LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.**  
**PARIS.—SHORTEST & CHEAPEST ROUTE.**  
 through the charming Scenery of Normandy, to the Paris terminus near the Madeleine.  
 VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.  
 Two Special Express Services (Weekdays and Sundays).  
 London to Paris (1 & 2) (1, 2, 3). | Paris to London (1 & 2) (1, 2, 3)  
 Victoria ... .. dep. 9.0 8.50 | Paris ... .. dep. 9.30 9.0  
 London Bridge ... .. 9.0 9.0 | ... .. p.m. a.m.  
 Paris ... .. arr. 6.35 8.0 | Victoria ... .. 7.0 7.50  
 Fares—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d.  
 Return: First, 68s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d.  
 Powerful Steamers with excellent Deck and other Cabins.  
 Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

**PARIS AT EASTER.—SPECIAL CHEAP**  
**EXCURSION TICKETS** (First, Second, and Third Class) will be issued by the above Express Night Service, leaving Victoria 8.50 p.m. and London Bridge 9 p.m. on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, April 12 to 15 inclusive.  
 Returning from Paris by the above 9 p.m. Night Service only on any day within 14 days of the date of issue. Fares, First Class, 38s. 7d.; Second Class, 25s. 3d.; Third Class (Night Service only), 2s. First and Second Class Passengers may return by the Day Service from Paris 9.30 a.m. on payment of 4s. 6d. and 3s. respectively.

**FOR FULL PARTICULARS** see Easter Programme and Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations, and at the following Branch Offices, where tickets may also be obtained: West End General Offices, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; City General Offices, 6, Arthur Street East, and Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.  
 (By Order) A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

## M O N T E C A R L O .

### WINTER SEASON.

As a WINTER RESORT Monaco occupies the first place among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border, on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make it to-day the rendezvous of the aristocratic world, the spot most frequented by travellers in Europe—in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring.

\*The Principality has a tropical vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the sea-breezes.

The beach is covered with the softest sand; the Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths; and there are comfortable villas and apartments replete with every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort in England.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn-tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and marvellous delight. Breakfasting or dining at one of the renowned establishments here, and meeting persons of their acquaintance, they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairland, at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter there does not exist.

There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special fascination and attractions—not only by the favourable climate and by the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of health.

Monte Carlo is only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from Nice.

## ORIENT COMPANY'S PLEASURE CRUISES


For SPAIN, SICILY, THE ADRIATIC, &c.  
 The Steamship GARONNE, 3876 tons register, 3000-horse power, will LEAVE LONDON APRIL 20 for a 39 DAYS' CRUISE, visiting CADIZ (for Seville, &c.), TANGIER, MALAGA, PALERMO, ANCONA, VENICE, TRIESTE, LAGUSA, CORFU, MALTA, PHILIPPEVILLE (for Constantine), ALGERS, GIBRALTAR, arriving at Plymouth on May 28 and London May 29.  
 String Band, Electric Light, Electric Bells, Hot and Cold Baths, high-class Cuisine.

Managers { F. GREEN and Co. Head Offices, ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and Co. } Fenchurch Avenue.  
 For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.; or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

## HOOPING COUGH.

CROUP.

**ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.**  
 THE celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS and SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London, whose names are engraved on the Government Stamp.  
 Sold by all Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.

**ERARD** ESTD. 1780.   
**ROYAL PIANOS**  
 18, Gt. Marlboro' St., London, W.

**HOVENDEN'S EASY**   
**HAIR CURLER**  
 PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>. PER BOX.

They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no skill to use. Made in Five Colours.  
**12 CURLERS IN BOX FREE BY POST 8 STAMPS.**  
 Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS, now being sold by Drapers and Others. The Genuine bear our TRADE MARK on the Right-Hand Corner of each Label.  
**WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS,**  
 BERNERS ST., W., AND CITY RD., E.C., LONDON.

**W. W. GREENER'S**  
 CELEBRATED  
**CLOSE SHOOTING GUNS**  
 FOR  
**GAME AND PIGEONS.**

**HAMMER GUNS,** from 9 Guineas.  
**HAMMERLESS** " 14 "  
**EJECTORS** " 30 "

A new World's Record has been made with a GREENER Gun by J. A. R. Elliott, in his great match with Dr. Carver, on Oct. 12, 1894, by making a clean score of 100 straight kills at 30 yards' rise and 50 yards' boundary. Messrs. Elliott, Brewer, Carver, Fulford, and others have all made their reputation at the trap by using GREENER GUNS.

**15 Valuable Prizes, Season 1895.**

**17 PRIZES WON LAST YEAR at MONTE CARLO.**

**W. W. GREENER,**  
 ST. MARY'S SQUARE, BIRMINGHAM,  
 and 68, HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.

## THE QUEEN OF TOILET PREPARATIONS

FOR USE AT ALL SEASONS IS



**IT HAS NO EQUAL**  
**FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH**

During the changing weather of Spring.

**IT ENTIRELY REMOVES AND PREVENTS ALL REDNESS, ROUGHNESS, IRRITATION, TAN, &c.**

Beware of Imitations, many of which are poisonous. Be sure to ask for "BEETHAM'S," the only genuine.  
 Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Either Size sent post free for 3d.  
 extra, direct from the Sole Makers, M. BEETHAM and SON, CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.

## BENSON'S WARRANTED WATCHES

Guaranteed for Accuracy, Durability, Strength, and Value.

In 18-ct. Gold Cases,

In Silver Cases,

**"SPECIAL MAKE"**



ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET POST FREE.

**BENSON'S LADY'S KEYLESS LEVER**

Fitted with a 3-Plate Lever Movement, Compound Balance, Jewelled throughout, and strong Keyless Action. Superior for strength and time-keeping to all other watches sold at the same price. The Cases are 18-Carat Gold, and either Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, engraved all over, or polished plain, with Monogram engraved Free.  
 Price £10; or in Silver Cases, £5.

**GOLD BROOCHES** to match, from £1 15s.  
 Benson's Pamphlet, containing 200 pages of Illustrations of Watches from £2 2s. to £500, Clocks, Gold and Gem Jewellery, Plate, sent Post Free.

Selections of Watches and Jewellery sent on Approval.

**J. W. BENSON,** H.M. THE QUEEN'S JEWELLER,  
 ONLY WARRANT HOLDER in the CITY OF LONDON,  
 Supplies Jewellery of the Highest Quality and Value at **MANUFACTURING WHOLESALE CITY PRICES,** saving the Public all Intermediate Profits.



Brilliant Half-Hoop Ring, £45.  
 Brilliant and Sapphires, Rubies, or Emeralds, 45s.  
 Rubies or Sapphires, and Rubies, £3 10s.  
 All Rubies, £8.  
 Rubies and Sapphires, £8 8s. All Rubies, £10 10s.  
 Rubies and Sapphires, £16.

**ENGAGEMENT RINGS.**  
**LARGEST Selection in LONDON.**  
**OVER 3000 IN STOCK.**



Brilliant Crescent, £12.  
 Rubies, with Emerald Centre, £4.  
 Double Heart, Rubies, £5 5s.  
 All Rubies, £6 10s.  
 Ruby or Sapphires and Rubies, £5.  
 Brilliant Heart, Ruby and Sapphire Bar, £6 10s.  
 All Rubies, £4 4s.  
**ALL ARTICLES MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.**  
**J. W. BENSON,** Jeweller to the Corporation and Successor to Rundle and Bridge (Makers of Her Majesty's Crown).  
**STEAM FACTORY: 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL.**  
 And 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C. Estd. 1749.

**MASON & HAMLIN**  
 AMERICAN ORGANS.  
 The Best, Most Durable, and Artistic World Producers.  
**MASON & HAMLIN**  
 AMERICAN ORGANS.  
 Her Majesty the QUEEN.  
 H.I.M. the Empress FREDERICK.  
 H.I.M. the Empress LUCIE.  
 H.R.H. the Duchess of YORK.

**MASON & HAMLIN**  
 AMERICAN ORGANS.  
 Used at  
 Windsor Castle, Marlborough House, St. James's Hall, Covent Garden, Drury Lane, &c.  
 Westminster Abbey, Exeter Hall, Theatres Royal.

**MASON & HAMLIN**  
 AMERICAN ORGANS.  
 The LISZT MODEL, as used by the Abbé Liszt.  
 The SANKEY MODEL, as used by Mr. Ira D. Sankey.  
 The CHANCEL ORGAN.  
 Specially prepared for Small Churches and Chapels.  
 PORTABLE Models.  
 Specially designed for Travellers, Missionaries, &c., The QUEEN'S MODEL.  
 For Chamber Music, Drawing-room use, &c.

**MASON & HAMLIN**  
 AMERICAN ORGANS.  
 From Six to Three Hundred Pounds.  
 Catalogues free on application.

**MASON & HAMLIN**  
 AMERICAN ORGANS.  
 Awarded the Highest Honours at all Exhibitions.  
 Sole Agents for the United Kingdom.

**METZLER & CO. (Ltd.),**  
 Great Marlborough Street, London, W.  
 Established over a Century.  
 Manufacturers and Importers of Musical Instruments of all kinds, and Music Publishers.

**MASON & HAMLIN**  
 AMERICAN ORGANS.  
 As well as Metzler's other Specialities, can be procured from the chief Music-Sellers and Musical Instrument Dealers in Great Britain and Ireland.

**JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS.**  
 PIANOFORTES.  
 For SALE, HIRE, or on the THREE YEARS' SYSTEM.  
 Pianos exchanged.  
 New and Second-hand Pianofortes.  
**JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS,**  
 Great Pulteney Street (near Piccadilly Circus), London, W.

**BRINSMEAD PIANOS.**  
 The free singing quality of tone in the middle register of John Brinsmead and Sons' Semi-Cottage Piano, Style L.L.L., is enhanced by a resonating bass and a treble of exceptional beauty; its touch is exquisite, and its durability is exceptional.  
 Legion of Honour. Numerous Gold Medals.  
**BRINSMEAD PIANOS**  
 Manufactured by JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS ONLY.  
 Pianoforte Makers to H.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales,  
 18, 20, and 22, Wigmore Street, London, W.  
 Lists Free.

**THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S PIANOS.**  
 Thomas Oetzmann and Co. desire it to be most distinctly understood that they are Pianoforte Manufacturers only, and that their only address is  
 27, BAKER STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.

OETZMANN, of 27, Baker Street.  
**PIANOS for HIRE, 10s. per MONTH.**  
 Tunings free. No hire charged if purchased in six months. The cheapest house for hiring really good pianos by all the best makers is THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S, 27, Baker Street, W.

OETZMANN, of 27, Baker Street, W.  
**PIANOS, 15s. per MONTH, on Thomas**  
 Oetzmann and Co.'s easy One, Two, or Three Years' System. Carriage free. Tunings free. Cheapest House in London for sale, hire, or Three Years' System is THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S, 27, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.

**GOOD SOUND SECOND-HAND PIANOS.**  
 Returned from Hire. Far superior to badly constructed low priced new ones. **GREAT SALE.** Grand and Cottage. Broadwood's, Collard's, and other makers. From 30 to £100. Send for Descriptive Catalogues. All Pianos packed free, and sent to any part.  
**THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London, W.**

**CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE**  
 (Established half a century).—Searches and Authentic Information respecting Family Arms and Pedigrees. Crest and Motto in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. Book-plates engraved in Modern and Mediaeval styles. Heraldic Seal Engraving.  
 ILLUMINATED ADDRESSES ON VELLUM.  
 Prospectus post free.—25, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

**CRESTED STATIONERY.—CULLETON'S**  
**GUINEA BOX.**—Best quality Paper and Square Court Envelopes, all stamped in colour with Crest, or with Monogram, or Address. No charge for engraving steel die. Signet rings, 18 carat, from 42s. Card plate and 50 best visiting cards, 2s. 8d.; ladies', 3s. Wedding and invitation cards. Specimens free.  
**T. CULLETON,** 25, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

**LIVERPOOL COLLEGE OLD BOYS' UNION.** All Old Pupils of the Liverpool College who have not received a notice of the above Union are requested to forward their names and addresses at once to the Rev. G. H. DAYSON, Liverpool College, Liverpool.

**X COSMOSINE X**  
 THE ANTISEPTIC AND PERFUMED SALINE  
**FOR THE BATH AND TOILET WATER.**  
 Refreshing and Invigorating, Delightful to the Skin.  
 Softens Hard Water.  
 Boxes, 1s., and 2s. 6d., through all respectable Chemists and Stores, or direct (3d. extra for postage) from the  
**X COSMOSINE WORKS, Granby Row, Manchester. X**

**THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER**  
 Prevents the Hair from falling off.  
 Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.  
 Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.  
 Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.  
 Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

**NOTICE.**  
 THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., 217, FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.

**CHILDREN TEETHING**  
 TO MOTHERS.  
**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**  
 FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.  
 Has been used over Fifty Years by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.  
 Of all Chemists, 1s. 1<sup>d</sup>. per Bottle.



## A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

Mr. Balfour has opened the floodgates of theology in the reviews this month. Dr. Martineau in the *Nineteenth Century*, Principal Fairbairn in the *Contemporary*, Professor Wallace in the *Fortnightly*, Archdeacon Farrar in the *English Illustrated* have a great deal to say about "The Foundations of Belief." Most of it is of the most abstruse kind, and leaves you precisely as wise as you were before. That has been the moral effect of theology from time immemorial. There is a cold gleam of comfort, however, in Dr. Martineau, for he rebukes Mr. Balfour for attaching too little importance to reason, as distinct from authority. If the operations of reason were of such comparatively slight moment as Mr. Balfour would have us believe, his book would never have been written, and authority would be reduced to the primitive simplicity of a Papal Bull. At first sight that might seem a misfortune; and yet it implies such a deliverance of the world from endless books about theology that it has a sort of forlorn fascination. We should all be just as well informed if theology were reduced to the simplest and barest propositions, such as the famous dogmas about the identity of Christianity with Protestantism, and of Protestantism with the Church of England—dogmas which I should not venture to obtrude upon the helpless reader, were it not that Mr. Arnold White in *Cassell's* has attributed them to "a statesman," though they really proceeded from the wisdom of a divine in one of Fielding's novels. But theology is not the only obsession of the reviews. Max Nordau and his theory of degeneration suggest to Mr. Whibley some characteristic reflections in the *New Review*. The "true degenerate" seems to be anybody you happen to dislike. Mr. Whibley dislikes Darwin, whose science has a "dishonourable popularity"; therefore Darwin is a degenerate.

There are echoes, too, of another controversy. Mrs. Crackanthorpe in the *Nineteenth Century* and Mr. Ashcroft Noble in the *Contemporary* discuss the question of sex in novels. Mrs. Crackanthorpe is all in favour of the modern

development of fiction, but she thinks the line must be drawn somewhere. Our old friends the Real and the Ideal rise from the mausoleum of Bulwer Lytton, and reappear in Mrs. Crackanthorpe's blameless pages as original character. Mr. Noble is not much more definite than the lady. He has a notion that a protest is needed against something, but at the same time he assures us that perfect freedom is conceded to the British novelist, with the most gratifying results. Having rebuked Mr. Henry James for asserting that "half life" is forbidden to British fiction, and having assured us that the claim of "half" our human interests for the relation of the sexes is absurdly out of proportion, Mr. Noble goes on to show by citation of famous English novels that Mr. James has his "half" already. Here I am lost in a fog. What position does Mr. Noble really wish to take up? If he holds that questions of sex have a comparatively limited and subordinate place in life, why remind us of "Jane Eyre," "Griffith Gaunt," and, above all, of "Tess," in which they enormously preponderate? Mr. Noble admires Mr. Hardy's masterpiece, and yet that book is saturated with sex and nothing but sex from first to last.

What is the good of telling us that for "mature men and women" sexual problems have no special importance, and then citing a novel which, if it proves anything, proves that they are of overwhelming importance? It would be well for Mr. Noble to find out exactly where he stands in this matter. A controversy in which the disputants are not quite clear as to the side they are on is apt to become rather tiresome. Another discussion that threatens to be barren rages round the Canadian Copyright Act. Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Rider Haggard, and others discourse in the *Contemporary* on the unreasonableness of the Canadians in demanding the printing of English books in Canada as a condition of copyright there. Met by the obvious reminder that Great Britain agreed to this very condition in the American Copyright Act, Mr. Hall Caine says that the Canadians are asking as a matter of principle what was conceded to the Americans as a matter of expediency. It is difficult to follow this verbal juggle. The Canadians wish to protect their printers just as the

Americans have protected theirs. This procedure is part of the commercial policy of the Dominion. The Canadians do not recognise Free Trade either in books or any other commodity. To ask the Imperial Government to veto the Canadian Copyright Act is, therefore, just as futile as it would be to demand the removal of all Canadian duties or British goods. Personally, I think the whole theory of Protection is wrong, but that has nothing to do with the claim of the Canadians to regulate copyright in accordance with their commercial principles.

In the *National Review* there is an interesting account by Mr. J. G. Robertson of the Court Theatre at Munich, where Shakspeare is played in his entirety without the appurtenances of the modern stage, and without subordination to the personal ambition of leading players. The theatrical manager can always make interesting experiments when he is sure of a subsidy, and so I am not surprised to read that the manager of the Munich theatre haughtily refuses to make concessions to a degraded popular taste. In the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Sidney Low continues his interesting speculations about the House of Commons. Some day a Ministry may refuse to resign even on a vote of no confidence, and may declare that, having been placed in office by the constituencies, by the constituencies alone can it be deposed. That is a climax of Cabinet aggrandisement which is scarcely likely. Mr. Low would like to see the power of the Ministry shifted to Committees of the House—a revolution which would not be possible without the disappearance of party Government as we understand it in England. I feel that only a Scotchman ought to intervene between Mr. Crockett and Mr. Millar, who assails the novelist in the *New Review*. To Mr. Millar the author of "The Raiders" is obnoxious, mainly, it seems, because he is a Dissenter—a phase of literary criticism which, as I say, only a Scotchman is competent to discuss. Will Dr. Robertson Nicoll oblige? Mr. Wilfrid Meynell rather cruelly recalls in the *English Illustrated* Disraeli's exercises as a bard. But my admiration this month goes out to Miss Elizabeth Banks, who says that the English middle-aged man is the cream of creation. Bless her!

L. F. AUSTIN.

# TRELOAR'S

## INDURATED LINOLEUM



Is a patented article, and is made in new and appropriate designs. The pattern is not printed on surface, as is the case in ordinary cloth, but goes right through the material, so that it cannot wear off. On a flat, even floor, this Indurated Linoleum will, in fact, **WEAR ALMOST FOR EVER.** Price 4/- square yard.

The pattern shown is specially made for us to represent oak parquet floor, and cannot be procured elsewhere; it is the newest in colouring, and is far in advance of any yet produced as to design. Price 4/3 per square yard. BORDERS EXTRA.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

TRELOAR &amp; SONS, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

# NEW SPRING SILKS

## FOR YOUNG LADIES' WEAR AND FOR BLOUSES.

## BENGALINE POINTILLÉ

In all Art Shades, 2s. 11d. per yard.

## CHINÉ &amp; EMBROIDERED GLACÉ

2s. 11d. to 7s. 6d. per yard.

PATTERNS FREE.

# PETER ROBINSON

## OXFORD ST.

## Peptonized Cocoa and Milk

'EXCELLENT'  
OF GREAT VALUE  
LANCET JUNE 15, 1889.

**SAVORY & MOORE**  
LONDON.

(PATENT)  
IN TINS 2/6  
HALF TINS (SAMPLES) 1/6

# DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT - BROWN COD LIVER OIL.

The most Efficacious Remedy for Diseases of the CHEST, THROAT, DEBILITY, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, RICKETS, &c.

It is sold by all Chemists, in capsuled Imperial Half-pints, 2/6; Pints, 4/9; Quarts, 9/-. See Testimonials surrounding each Bottle.

Sole Consignees: ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., Ltd., 210, High Holborn, London.

# The Fiend INDIGESTION, to CYTOS BREAD,

"What, you here!! Then I'm off!"

To be had of all Bakers and Confectioners.

Biscuits from  
**THE NATIONAL BAKERY CO., Ltd.,**  
Brewery Road, London, N.

Further Particulars and Lists of Agents  
on application to

**W. Marshall & Sons,**  
VICTORIA CYTOS MILLS,  
GREAT GRIMSBY:



# IF YOU COUGH

TAKE

# GERAUDEL'S PASTILLES.

Invaluable for Coughs, Colds, Influenza, and Throat Irritation. Contain no Poison. Act by inhalation and absorption directly upon the respiratory organs. In cases of 72 Pastilles, 1s. 1d. Can be ordered through any Chemist, or post free on receipt of price from the Wholesale Dépôt:

**FASSETT & JOHNSON, 32, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.**



# SUNLIGHT SOAP

## WRAPPER COMPETITION.

**BOOK PRIZES  
DURING 1895.**

Full particulars round each Tablet of  
**SUNLIGHT SOAP.**

A LONG LIST OF CHOICE BOOKS TO SELECT FROM.

### NOTE—IMPORTANT.

*Clergymen, Schoolmasters and Schoolmistresses, Sunday-school Superintendents and Teachers, may form "Book Clubs" amongst their Parishioners, Congregations, and Scholars, and by collecting Sunlight Soap Wrappers soon have a valuable Library.*

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, Port Sunlight, Nr. Birkenhead.



## FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the **BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE** in the World.

**PREVENTS** the DECAY of the TEETH.

**RENDERS** THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

Is **PERFECTLY HARMLESS** and **DELICIOUS** to the TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

Ladies are requested to write for Patterns of

**"LOUIS" VELVETEEN**

TO

**THOS. WALLIS & CO., Ltd., Holborn Circus, London, E.C.**

## FASHIONABLE MOURNING

AT MODERATE PRICES.

**PETER ROBINSON,**

256 to 264, REGENT ST.

## ST. JACOBS OIL

**A**RE words familiar throughout the civilized world, words that stand for all that is pure and effective in medicine.

No power on earth has been able to bar its progress, because it did its appointed work.

In every clime and with every people it has worked wonders in alleviating pain.

Its cures of Rheumatism have approached the miraculous.

Its intrinsic value is the secret of its success—of its world-wide popularity—of its wonderful sale—of its constant growth.

Its virtues are stamped on the hearts of the once crippled and tortured everywhere—never to be effaced while life lasts!

Such in brief is St. Jacobs Oil, the pain killing marvel of the century!

**IT ACTS LIKE MAGIC!**

## CONQUERS PAIN.

Price 1/1½ and 2/6.

**"SIMPLY delicious."**

**"ONE of the choicest ever produced."**

**"IT is the daintiest and most delicious of perfumes."**

**"IT has the aroma of Spring in it."**

—The Argonaut.

—New York Observer.

2/6, 4/6, and 6/- per Bot.

**DELICIOUS • NEW • PERFUME •**

**THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO'S**

**CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS**

and the celebrated

**CROWN LAVENDER SALTS**

**"THERE is no more agreeable cure for headache."**

—Le Follet.

**"THE Lavender Salts, whose perfume is so exquisite and subtle."**

—Le Figaro.

**"STRONG and powerful, but most agreeable."**

—Lady's Pictorial.

2/- and 4/- per Bottle.

Highest Award at Chicago, 1893

# "Lanoline"

Toilet "Lanoline".....6 & 1/  
"Lanoline" Soap.....6 & 1/  
"Lanoline" Pomade.....1/6  
& Cold Cream.

"Once tried  
always used"

Should be used in every household, as nothing is better for the complexion  
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. WHOLESALE DEPOT: 67, HOLBORN VIADUCT.



## OBITUARY.

M. Vishnegradsky, ex-Minister of Finance in Russia, on April 7. He had been enfeebled by the strain imposed by his arduous work, and latterly his health had suffered by reason of the accusations which had been made against him.

The Right Hon. Rowland Clegg Clegg-Hill, third Viscount Hill, on March 30, aged sixty-one.

Sir Francis Geary, fourth Baronet, on April 1, aged eighty-three.

Mrs. Leonard Jerome, mother of Lady Randolph Churchill, on April 2.

Mr. John Saunders, who founded and edited the *People's Journal*, and was the author of eighteen novels, on March 29, aged eighty-three.

Madame Alexandre Dumas, second wife of the French dramatist, recently, aged sixty-eight.

Prince Wilhelm von Montenuovo, son of the late Archduchess Marie Louise, second wife of Napoleon I., by her

morganatic marriage with Count von Neipperg. The Prince was seventy-three years of age.

Dame Sarah Anne Amowah Pollock, widow of the late Lord Chief Baron Pollock, on April 1, aged seventy-nine.

Mr. John Henry Greener, an able electrical engineer, who had to do with the laying of many cables, on April 7, aged sixty-five.

Mr. Henry Bidwell Grigg, Political Resident at Travancore, on April 4, aged fifty-three.

Mr. W. R. Anderson, of the Orient Steam Navigation Company, on March 30, aged fifty.

A very remarkable task has just been consummated by the completion of "The New Standard Dictionary of the English Language" (Funk and Wagnall's Company, 44, Fleet Street, E.C.). This dictionary has attained the unparalleled record of defining nearly 300,000 words and phrases, leaving "Webster" far behind in this respect. The number of specialists engaged in its compilation reaches the total of two hundred and forty-seven—a proof

of the care taken by the editors to select the men who could be regarded as authorities on different subjects. It is difficult to give any idea, except numerically, of the importance and excellence of this splendid dictionary, with its 2300 pages and 5000 illustrations. Four hundred of the latter are finely printed in colours. And when one mentions that the price for the two quarto volumes, bound in full morocco, is only £4 8s. (while there are also cheaper editions), one is compelled to acknowledge that the "New Standard Dictionary" takes the palm. Besides being valuable as a work of reference, it is thoroughly interesting as literature, for the quotations range over a wide field of ancient and modern writers. Cicero and Kipling, Blackstone and Barrie are witnesses to the use of terms and words; indeed, more often than not, the modern author is quoted. A most careful list of disputed pronunciations will give many people a good deal of pleasant research, and the section dealing with proper names is specially good. The editors have earned the gratitude of the whole reading public by this lasting monument of their scholarly labours.

## WILLIAMS' Shaving Soaps.



WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK—1/. METAL LINED CASE. GLOVE-FITTING COVER.

## Shaving—

and how to make it easy

has been our study for over HALF A CENTURY. We realize that in order to cut easily, the beard must be softened—the power of resistance reduced to a minimum.

To make Williams' Shaving Soap do this—and at the same time soften the skin—and allay any irritation—has been the study of a lifetime—

We are the only house in the world making a specialty of Shaving Soap. Ours' certainly ought to be the best.

Williams' Shaving Sticks—1/— Williams' Shaving Tablets—6d.

Sold by Chemists—Hairdressers and Perfumers, or mailed to any address on receipt of price in stamps, by THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., 64 Great Russell Street, London, W. C.

## BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

## EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

## COCOA

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

## JOHN WALKER, WATCH and CLOCK

MAKER.  
77, CORNHILL, and 29, REGENT STREET.  
"The Cornhill" Silver Crystal-face Keyless Lever Watch, with Chronometer balance, £5 5s. Gold Keyless Lever Watches, from £10 10s. Chime Clocks in great variety. Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks, with prices, sent free.

NO MORE ASTHMA from this moment.  
NO MORE ASTHMA Awarded one hundred thousand francs, Gold and Silver Medals, and admitted to be unrivalled.  
Particulars gratis and post free from DR. CLERY, MARSEILLES, FRANCE.

## JUNO Cycles are the VERY BEST.

EASY TERMS. RIGID. LIGHT. SWIFT.  
New Season List of JUNO Cycles and Cycle Sundries now ready, and sent Post Free to any part of the world. Machines shipped to all parts: Roadsters, Racers, Ladies', and Military Cycles.  
CASH DIS & CARRIAGE PAID  
Metropolitan Machinists' Company, Ltd.  
75 & 76, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT, LONDON, E.C.  
N.B.—Every JUNO guaranteed.

## MELLIN'S FOOD



FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

Northumberland,

Mr. G. Mellin,

Dear Sir—I herewith enclose photo of my daughter "Summer," aged fourteen months when taken. She is a real Mellin's Food Baby, having been fed entirely on it since her birth. At eight months she walked, and had eight teeth; at ten months she went alone to the barn from the farmhouse to seek her father; at twelve months she had twelve teeth; and at the time I write she has sixteen teeth and is sixteen months old, and weighs 2st. 5lb.; therefore we all think her a good testimonial for your food.

Yours faithfully,

A. B.

## MELLIN'S

COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES.

## EMULSION

AN ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET ON THE FEEDING AND REARING OF INFANTS,

A Practical and Simple Treatise for Mothers, containing a large number of Portraits of Healthy Children, together with Facsimiles of Original Testimonials, which are of the greatest interest to all Mothers, to be had with Samples, free by post, on application to

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, Stafford St., PECKHAM, S.E.

## For COUGHS, COLDS, &amp; BRONCHITIS.

The Safest and Best Tonic for Children.

Price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle. Sample Size, 1s. of all Chemists and Stores.

## HURST and BLACKETT'S NEW NOVELS.

A BACHELOR'S FAMILY. By HENRY F. BULLER, Author of "Kingsmead." 3 vols.  
NEWLY FASHIONED. By MARGARET CROSS, Author of "Thymus and Rue." 2 vols.  
A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY. By MARGUERITE BRYANT. 2 vols.  
CANCELLED BONDS. By HENRY CRESSWELL, Author of "A Modern Greek Heroine," "A Wily Widow," &c. 3 vols.  
DALEFOLK. By ALICE REA. 3 vols.  
TANDEM. By W. B. WOODGATE, Author of "O. V. H., " "Ensemble," "Boating" (Bodmin Library). 2 vols.  
London: HURST and BLACKETT, Limited, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

## Cuticura SOAP

The most Effective Skin

Purifying and Beautifying Soap in the World.

The Purest, Sweetest, and

Most Refreshing for Toilet Bath and Nursery.

Sold throughout the world. F. Newbery & Sons, 1, King Edward-st., London, E. C.

## LYCEUM.—CLOSED THIS WEEK.

REOPENING ON EASTER MONDAY with KING ARTHUR, by J. Comyns Carr. Mr. Irving, Miss Genevieve Ward, and Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst), open as usual (except on Good Friday) 10 to 5. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

DALY'S THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY. EVERY EVENING at 8.30. AN ARTIST'S MODEL. Preceded at 8 by DINNER FOR TWO. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30.

NIAGARA HALL, St. James's Park Station, (Unsold's Patent, most Successful in the World.) REAL ICE SKATING. Ice always in Perfect Condition. Daily, 9.30 to 1.30; 3 to 6.30, 5s.; 8 to 11.30, 3s. EXCELLENT ORCHESTRA. FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT OPEN ALL DAY.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.

MAY HORSE SHOW (32nd Annual), MAY 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17.

Under the Management of The Royal Agricultural Hall Company, Limited, and The English Horse Show Society, Limited.

Hunters, Hacks, Ponies, Hackney Stallions, Single and Double Harness Horses, Single Harness Ponies, Tandems and Leaping.

Prize Lists on application to R. VENNOR, Secretary.

ÆGIDIUS.—GENTLEMEN'S UNDER-VESTS, 32 to 48 inches chest; Pants to match, 32 to 42 waist. Vests, 2s. 6d. to 6s. 9d. each; Pants, 2s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.; Half-Hose, 6s. 7s. 6d. 9s. the half-dozen. Self-Measure and Patterns free from the Sole Makers, R. FORD and CO., 41, Foultry, London.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS. Great improvements have been made in the manufacture of FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS, celebrated for their superior fitting. Six for 30s., 40s., 45s., sent by parcel post free to your door. Write for illustrated Self-Measure and all particulars free by post.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Foultry, London.

OLD SHIRTS REFRONTED, Wrist and Collar Banded, fine linen, three for 6s.; Superior, 7s. 6d.; Extra, 8s. Send three (not less); must be prepaid. Returned ready for use, carriage paid.—R. FORD and CO.



THE BEST UMBRELLAS BEAR OUR NAME.

S. FOX & CO. LIMITED

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny stamps. MUST BE INVALUABLE.

J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

## D'ALMAINE'S SALE OF PIANOS,

ORGANS, &c., RETURNED FROM HIRE.

Ten years' warranty. Easy terms. approval, carriage free. Cottages, 7, 9, and 11 guineas.

Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 3, 23 guineas. Class 6, 35 guineas.

Class 1, 17 guineas. Class 4, 26 guineas. Class 7, 40 guineas.

Class 2, 20 guineas. Class 5, 30 guineas. Class 8, 50 guineas.

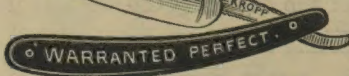
American Organs, by all the best Makers, from 43 guineas upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken. Illustrations and particulars post free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est. 110 Years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. Open till 7; Saturdays, 3.

## Rowland's Odonto

Is the best Tooth-Powder; whitens the teeth and prevents decay. An antiseptic preservative and aromatic dentifrice, which whitens the teeth, prevents and arrests decay, and sweetens the breath. It contains no mineral acids, no gritty matter or injurious astringents, keeps the mouth, gums, and teeth free from the unhealthy action of germs in organic matter between the teeth, and is the most wholesome tooth-powder for smokers. Ask anywhere for ROWLAND'S ODONTO. 2s. 9d. per box.

## REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND

## KROPP RAZOR



WARRANTED PERFECT.

NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.

Black Handle ... 5/6 A Pair, Ivory Handles, in

Ivory Handle ... 7/6 Russia Leather Case, 21/-

Kropp's Duplex Strop 7/6 Kropp's Strop Paste, 6d.

FROM ALL PERFUMERS AND DEALERS.

Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, and CO., London, W.



# THE QUADRUPLE ALLIANCE.



*The Sun affords us light by day  
The Moon and Stars by night.  
While ASPINALL'S ENAMEL makes,  
Our Homes refined and bright.*

## LAZENBY'S

PREPARED FROM  
THE ORIGINAL RECIPE  
BEARS THE WELL KNOWN LABEL

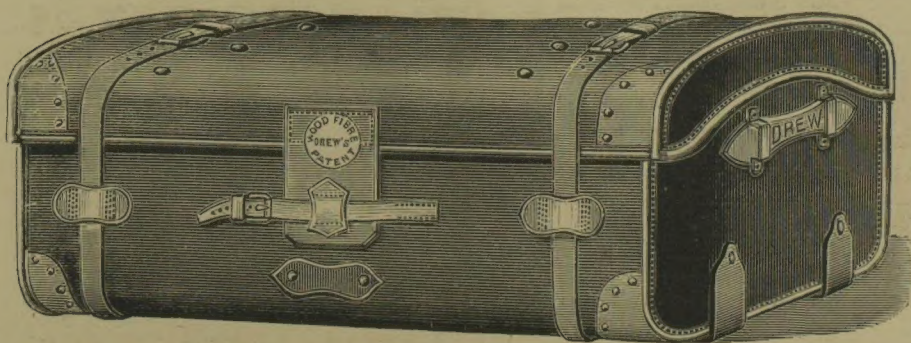
Signed

*Elizabeth Lazenby*

LAZENBY'S PICKLES  
LAZENBY'S SOUPS  
LAZENBY'S SOUP SQUARES  
LAZENBY'S TABLE JELLIES  
LAZENBY'S POTTED MEATS  
LAZENBY'S BAKING POWDER

**GOLDEN HAIR.**—Robare's AUREOLINE produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world. Agents, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 31 and 32, Berners Street, W.

**ALEX. ROSS' NOSE MACHINE** applied to the Nose for an hour daily so directs the soft cartilage, of which the member consists, that an Ill-Formed Nose is quickly Shaped to Perfection. 10s. 6d., post free 10s. 8d., secretly packed. 62, Theobald's Road, Holborn, London.



NEW CATALOGUES  
FREE BY POST.

## DREWS' NEW PATENT WOOD FIBRE TRUNKS

FOR WEDDING OUTFITS AND GENERAL TRAVELLING.

LIGHTER, STRONGER, MORE PACKING CAPACITY  
than Trunks of Wicker Basket-Work.

MAKERS OF TRUNKS OF ALL KINDS FOR LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S USE IN PATENT WOOD FIBRE.

ACTUAL MAKERS OF DRESSING BAGS.

SUPPLYING PURCHASERS DIRECT FROM OUR WORKS, SAVING ALL INTERMEDIATE PROFITS.

DREW & SONS, Makers to the Royal Family, 33, 35, & 37, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.

## In Use all over the Globe.

THE BEST. THE SAFEST. THE OLDEST PATENT MEDICINE.

Free from  
Mercury.

Of Vegetable  
Drugs.

# COCKLE'S ANTI BILIOUS PILLS

FOR  
BILE,  
LIVER,  
HEADACHE,  
HEARTBURN,  
INDIGESTION,  
ETC.

### A RIDE TO KHIVA.

By Capt. Fred. Burnaby, R.H.G.

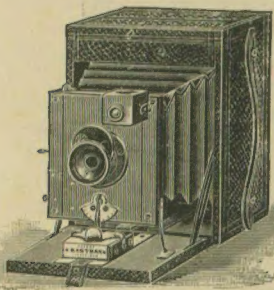
"Two pairs of boots lined with fur were also taken; and for physic—with which it is as well to be supplied when travelling in out-of-the-way places—some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the latter a most invaluable medicine, and one which I have used on the natives of Central Africa with the greatest possible success. In fact, the marvellous effects produced upon the mind and body of an Arab Sheikh, who was impervious to all native medicines when I administered to him five

### COCKLE'S PILLS,

will never fade from my memory; and a friend of mine who passed through the same district many months afterwards, informed me that my fame as a 'medicine man' had not died out."



# KODET



## The Latest Camera for Glass Plates.

Can be changed into Film Camera by the substitution of Roll Holder for Double Dark Slides. Weighs only 2 lb.

### ADVANTAGES:

Lightness, Compactness, Portability, First-Class Workmanship, Ease and Rapidity of Manipulation.

Prices from £3 3s. to £4 10s.

Send for Illustrated Price List.

## EASTMAN

Photographic Materials Co. Ltd., 115-117 Oxford St., LONDON.

(Manufacturers of the celebrated "Kodak.")

# The SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN

MADE IN THREE SIZES, AT

10s. 6d., 16s. 6d., & 25s.

EACH.

14-carat Gold—therefore never corrodes. Iridium-tipped—therefore never wears out. Instantly ready for use. Writes continuously for many hours. Economical—outlasting 20,000 steel pens. Saves £15 in steel pens and inkpots. Ink in reservoir always limpid—no evaporation.

FOR WEDDING AND COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS, THE IDEAL OBJECT.

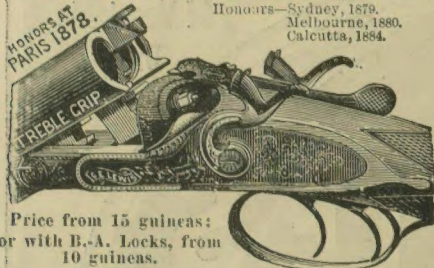
We only require your steel pen and hand-writing to select a suitable pen. Complete Illustrated Catalogue sent post free on application.

MABIE, TODD, & BARD,

93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C., OR 95A, REGENT ST., W.

New Illustrated Catalogue now ready.

"THE GUN OF THE PERIOD."



Price from 15 guineas; or with B.A. Locks, from 10 guineas.

THIS Gun, wherever shown, has always taken honours. Why buy from Dealers when you can buy at half the price from the Maker? Any gun sent on approval on receipt of P.O.O., and remittance returned if, on receipt, it is not satisfactory. Target trial allowed. A choice of 2000 Guns, Rifles, and Revolvers, embracing every novelty in the trade. B.L. Guns, from 50s. to 50 guineas; B.L. Revolvers, from 6s. 6d. to 100s. Send six stamps for New Illustrated Catalogue, now ready, embracing every Gun, Rifle, and Revolver up to date; also Air-Cane and Implement Sheets. For conversions, new barrels, Pin Fires to Central Fires, Muzzleloaders to Breechloaders, re-stocking, &c., we have a staff of men second to none in the trade. SPECIAL—We sell Guns, &c., at one profit on first cost of manufacture; Re-stocking, from 15s.; Pin Fires altered to Central Fires, from 30s.; New Barrels, from £2 to £10; M.L. altered to C.F., B.L., from 60s., with B.A. Locks; and from 80s. with Bar Locks, including new hammers, and making up as new: Altering Locks to Rebound, 12s.

G. E. LEWIS, 32 and 33, Lower Loveday Street, BIRMINGHAM. Established 1830.

Telegrams: "Period, Birmingham."

BEST RED & WHITE METAL POLISHING PASTES IN THE WORLD.



Sole Agents for Great Britain:

MÜLLER & CO., late H. SEEGER, 21, Mincing Lane, London, E.C.



## TO LADIES.

All the most beautiful women use CREME SIMON.

Mme. ADELINA PATTI says: "Have found it very good indeed." For all irritations of the skin it is unequalled. CHAPS, REDNESS, ROUGHNESS disappear as if by magic.

Paris: 13, Rue Grange Batelière. LONDON: Mervens, 64, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. Chemists, Druggists, Perfumers, and Stores.



## A DIVORCE COURT INCIDENT.

A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA will be given to the reader who suggests the most appropriate dialogue for the above sketch, which illustrates the cross-examination of a lady in the divorce court. The words "Beecham's Pills" must be introduced, and the dialogue should not exceed 100 words.

A few CONSOLATION Prizes will be given to those readers whose efforts may be considered very near the mark. Address: The Proprietor of "BEECHAM'S PILLS," St. Helens, Lancashire. Do not trouble to send this advertisement; better to keep it, and show it to your friends. It will be re-inserted in this paper shortly with the winning dialogue added.

"On the Move" and "A Friend in Need" Competitions. The result will shortly be given in those papers in which readers last saw the pictures appertaining to them.

## TRY SOMETHING NEW THIS YEAR.

GO TO

# YELLOWSTONE PARK.



IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

You can go there from LIVERPOOL in 11 Days; from NEW YORK in 4 Days.

SEASON EXTENDS FROM JUNE 1st to OCT. 1st.

Go and see the GEYSERS, CANYONS, CATARACTS, MOUNTAINS, HOT SPRINGS. The only spot in America where one can now see the BUFFALO. Here you find a Summer Resort of a new kind, with first-class hotel accommodations. Send CHAS. S. FEE, General Passenger Agent of the

## NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD,

at St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A., sixpence, and he will send you "SKETCHES OF WONDERLAND," a beautifully illustrated book that tells about this Park.

For Descriptive Illustrated Pamphlets and Maps, address: HENRY GAZE & SONS, 142, Strand, London; THOS. COOK & SON, Ludgate Circus, London; CARL STANGEN'S Reise-Bureau, No. 10, Mohren-Strasse, Berlin, W. Deutschland; GEO. R. FITCH, General Agent, 319, Broadway, New York.



JOY'S CIGARETTES afford immediate relief in cases of ASTHMA, WHEEZING, AND WINTER COUGH, and a little perseverance will effect a permanent cure. Universally recommended by the most eminent physicians and medical authors. Agreeable to use, certain in their effects, and harmless in their action, they may be safely smoked by ladies and children.

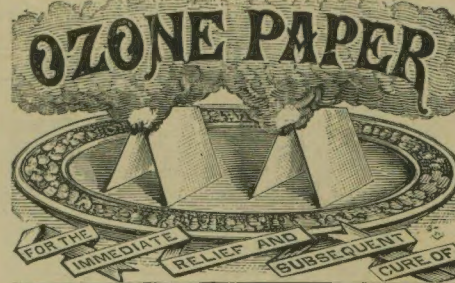
All Chemists and Stores, box of 3s. 2s. 6d., or post free from Wilcox & Co., 239, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

The only awarded at the Paris Exhibition 1889.

# VELOUTINE

Special, hygienic, adherent & invisible Toilet powder—CH. FAY, Inventor

9, Rue de la Paix, PARIS. — BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, Judgement of 8th May 1875.



## ASTHMA, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.

BRONCHITIC ASTHMA, HAY FEVER, and INFLUENZA.

The "Lancet."—"A convenient and valuable remedy." Dr. Thorowgood—"Pure spasmodic Asthma and Asthma due to Emphysema of the lungs with co-existent bronchitis alike appear to me to be materially relieved by the Ozone Paper."

Harrison Weir, Esq.—"Your Ozone Paper has got rid of my Asthmatic affection; it is the only remedy which gave me permanent relief."

2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per Box, of all Chemists; or from the Proprietor for the amount in stamps or P.O.O. to any country within the Postal Union.

R. HUGGINS & Co., Chemists, 199, Strand, LONDON.

## ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

CAMBRIC Children's 1/3 doz. HEMSTITCHED. Ladies' 2/3 doz. 2/9 doz. Gents' 3/3 " Gents' 3/11

POCKET "The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a world-wide fame."—The Queen.

SAMPLES AND PRICE-LISTS POST FREE. HANDKERCHIEFS.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST. Manufacturers to the Queen.

Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture is a guaranteed cure for all Blood and Skin Diseases. It is the most searching blood cleanser ever discovered, and it will free the system from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of Testimonials from all parts. Sold everywhere, at 2s. 9d. per bottle. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

## HIGHEST AWARD AT THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.



SOLD EVERYWHERE IN BOTTLES, 2/9 & 4/6. Over 2000 Testimonials received from Medical Men. SOLE MANUFACTURERS: COLEMAN and CO., Ltd., Norwich and London.



# ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS & WHOOPING COUGH

Radically cured by the use of ZEMATONE.

To be obtained of all Chemists, price 2/6 per box. Sample box sent post free on receipt of four penny stamps, to anyone mentioning this Paper.

O. FANYAU & CO., 90, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, LONDON, W.C.

## THE PATENT MASTICATOR.



To use in place of Knife for preparing chops, steaks, and all roast or boiled meats for mastication, by mincing and pulping same on your warm plate, and so preserving all the nutriment. No dinner-table is complete without the Masticator. It is invaluable to the Aged, Young Children, and all suffering from Weak Digestive Organs, or those who eat quickly. It will last a lifetime, being made of fine German Silver, and Electro-plated. Price 5s. each, complete in box, post free to all parts of the world from G. B. SMITH & CO., 9, HORACE ROAD, FOREST GATE, LONDON, E.

Hundreds of unsolicited Testimonials received from Princes downwards, speaking in the highest terms of the Masticator.

# ASTHMA CURE GRIMAULT'S INDIAN CIGARETTES

Difficulty in Expectoration. Asthma, Nervous Coughs, Catarrh, Sleeplessness and Oppression immediately relieved by Grimault and Co's Indian Cigarettes, is, 8d. per box all Chemists, or post free Wilcox, 239, Oxford-St. London, W.